TENNYSON

ENOCH ARDEN

WITH INTRODUCTION, SUMMARY, NOTES AND PARAPHRASE

DARBY

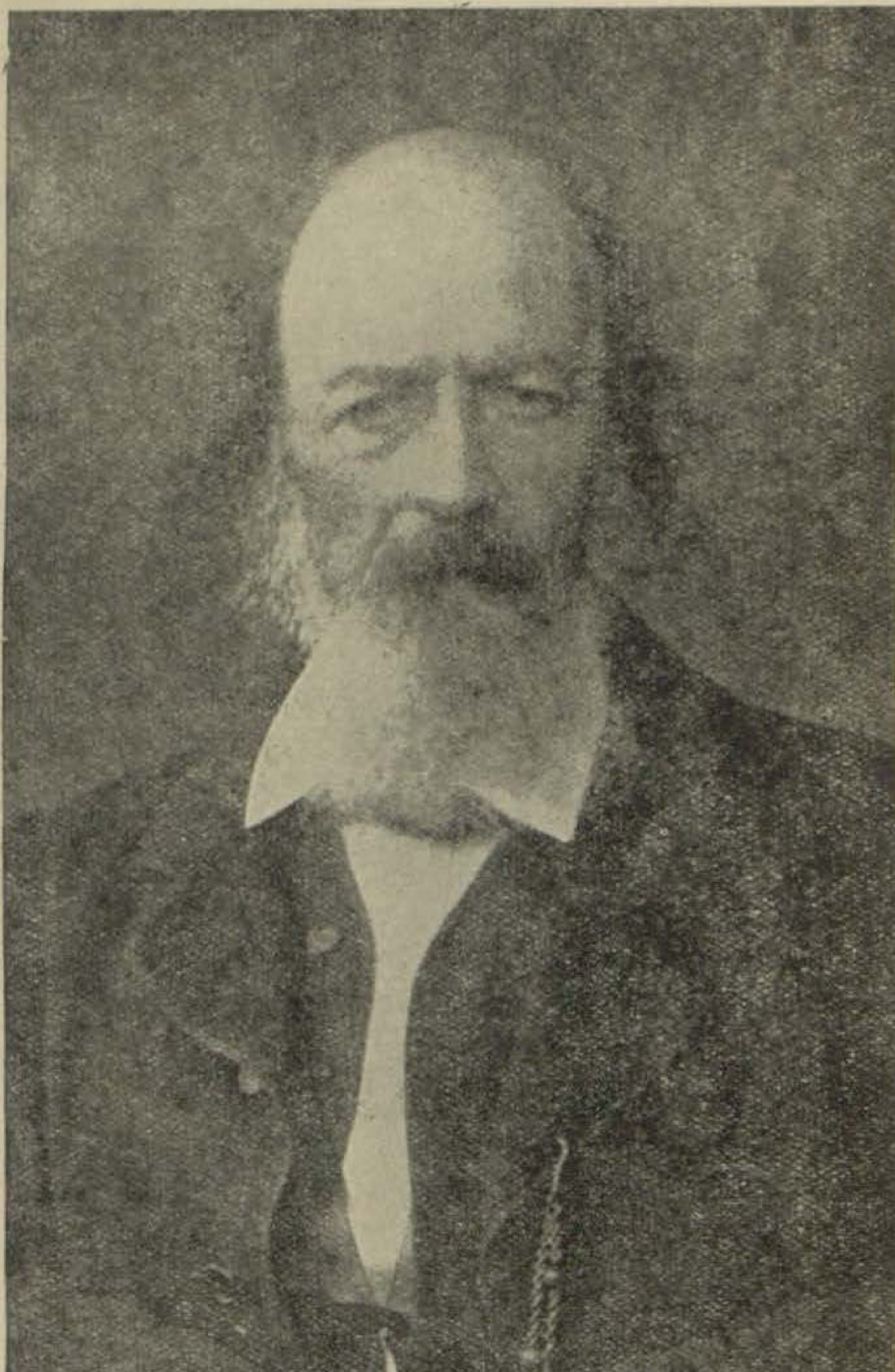


Photo. Barraud, London.

LORD TENNYSON.

TENNYSON

ENOCH ARDEN

EDITED WITH
INTRODUCTION, SUMMARY, NOTES
AND PARAPHRASE

BY
A. DARBY, M. A.
PRINCIPAL, RAJARAM COLLEGE,
KOLHAPUR

FOURTH EDITION

BOMBAY
K. & J. COOPER
EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHERS

TRUSTEES OF
MANECKJI COOPER
EDUCATION TRUST
Sole Proprietors of
K. & J. COOPER
EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHERS

Reprinted: March, 1955.

Printed and published by C. B. Trikannad for K. & J. Cooper
at THE ATHENÆUM PRESS,
Swadeshi Mills Estate, Girgaum, Bombay, 4.

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION

—1—

A SHORT LIFE OF TENNYSON

Alfred Tennyson was born in 1809, in the parsonage house of his father's parish of Somersby in Lincolnshire, and the first nineteen years of his life were passed almost exclusively in that neighbourhood. The effect of this is seen in his poetry. As Wordsworth is pre-eminently the poet of the lakes and hills, so is Tennyson the poet of the quiet ordered countryside and of the fen country. Much of the scenery and local colouring in his early poems is derived from the scenes of his boyhood.

His early education was gained at a school at Louth, and even there he displayed a taste for poetry. In 1827 was published a volume of poems which were the production of Alfred and his two brothers, both of whom had some skill in verse-making, but of these poems, which are to be ascribed to each, it is not possible to say.

In 1828 the brothers went to Trinity College, Cambridge. The studies there most encouraged had little to do with the development of Tennyson's genius, but he was thrown into the society of a number of young men of marked ability, among them Arthur Hallam, and this did much to assist him to overcome his natural shyness and to expand his mind. The praise and criticism of his friends no doubt encouraged

him to persevere, and taught him where improvement was most needed. In 1829 he gained the Chancellor's Medal for a poem entitled *Timbuctoo*, a poem inferior to what we now think of as Tennyson's work, but decidedly superior to most of the poems submitted for this prize.

In 1831, owing to his father's death, he left Cambridge, and seems to have formed a resolution to make poetry his sole pursuit, being encouraged to this by the favourable reception some of his work had already met with. He remained faithful to this resolve for the remainder of a long life, and presents the unique spectacle of one, who, writing and publishing poems of promise at the age of twenty-four, continued to produce poetry of high excellence for sixty years more, and this with no very marked weakening of his powers up to the end. His personal history henceforward is just the history of the writing and publication of successive volumes.

Owing to unfavourable criticisms on a volume of poems published in 1832, Tennyson remained practically silent for ten years, but he spent these years in hard study and steady endeavour to perfect himself in his art. In 1842 he published another volume, which convinced the world and the critics that a great poet had arisen, and from that time until the day of his death, he remained the first and favourite poet of the nation.

In 1850 was published his best and most thoughtful poem, *In Memoriam*, an elegy on the death of his friend Arthur Hallam. The same year saw his marriage, which brought him great happiness, and also

his appointment to the Poet Laureateship in succession to Wordsworth. His successive volumes of poems deal with a great variety of subjects clothed in a great variety of forms. All were good, although all were not equally well received. Among them we may notice the twelve books entitled *Idylls of the King*, embodying the legend of Arthur. In his later years he turned his attention to the drama, and we have seven from his pen: *Queen Mary, Harold, The Falcon, The Cup, The Promise of May, Becket*, and *The Foresters.* Of these *Becket* was a great success on the stage, and others were favourably received; but whether Tennyson, who had sufficient dramatic faculty to give a convincing presentation of an individual character, could also bring together an assemblage of characters in effective action is still questioned. Throughout these years Tennyson was giving to the world other poems. Of the longer ones we may mention, *The Princess, Maud, A Dream of Fair Women, Locksley Hall, Enoch Arden*, etc. To these must be added a multitude of shorter lyrics, a form in which Tennyson specially excelled, and several of the finest war-songs in the language, such as *The Revenge, The Defence of Lucknow* and *The Charge of the Light Brigade.*

In 1884 Tennyson was offered and accepted a peerage, becoming Baron Aldworth, and being the first Englishman to be ennobled by the State for intellectual pre-eminence alone. He died in 1892, and was buried in Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey, amid a ceremonial of unusual solemnity and grandeur, which testified to the unique place he had held in the affections of his countrymen.

—2—

SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF HIS WORK

HIS FINISHED ARTISTRY

Tennyson is not a mere imitator of the work of others; in whatever he wrote there is the special note of his peculiar genius. Having made poetry the business of his life he spared no pains to perfect himself in his art; he is familiar with every instrument of the poet's trade and has surpassed all his predecessors in the finish of his work. Few poets have bestowed such pains upon their compositions as Tennyson did on his, and although this studied polishing is sometimes too apparent yet the result is such that we could hardly have it other than it is. No poet has surpassed him in the capacity to fit the sound of his verse to the sense, and he reminds us of Keats in his power to produce a vivid image with a few words and in his love of beauty. The music of his verse is remarkable; less deep and resonant on the whole than that of Milton and some others, but surpassing all in sweetness and delicacy. More than any other poet perhaps of equal renown, he uses Saxon in preference to classical words, and this does much to give brightness and reality to the visions he places before us; at the same time he colours many of these with a sort of dreaminess and remoteness from common life which adds greatly to their beauty.

HIS REPRESENTATIVE CHARACTER

Tennyson's unique place in the hearts of his countrymen was partly due to the fact that he sings of

things which represent and embody the thoughts and feelings of his own time as no other poet has ever done. He does not attempt to delineate the subtle questions of philosophers, or to dissect the souls of his characters, but on most of the subjects which engaged the mind of the nation in his day, he has spoken in clear and manly tones. *In Memoriam* especially sets forth his attitude towards the mystery of life and death and what appears to be the wanton waste of Nature, and it is not to be said with any certainty that a better can be found.

HIS REVERENCE FOR ORDER AND LAW

Throughout his poems Tennyson appears as one whose sympathies are with every effort tending towards greater freedom and a richer life for all mankind, but, as we might have expected of one of his culture, this sympathy is governed and directed by a keen realisation of the meaning of law, its universal dominion and its prerogative as the ultimate basis of human thought and human life. What is disorderly, wild or lawless is hateful to him; his view of the world is similar to that which he applied to his own work, *viz.*, that perfection can be reached only by sustained, careful and ordered effort. What is revolutionary must fail, because it arises from failure to understand the limitations imposed by life and nature as they are, or the conditions which determine true and stable progress.

HIS PURITY AND NOBILITY

Of no poet more truly than of Tennyson can it be said that he never wrote a line which was not

elevating and pure in tone. The ideals he sets forward are the best, and he places them in settings of such beauty that their attractiveness is greatly enhanced, while at the same time he refrains from blunting them by indulgence in dry moralising. Anything he ever wrote can be set before any reader of any age with the certain confidence that nothing but good can be extracted from it, and even when he is forced to deal with the sensual sins of mankind, he contrives to leave out every thing that appeals to the baser side of human nature.

HIS LOVE OF NATURE

Of nature in some of her aspects Wordsworth is perhaps a better exponent, but Tennyson surpasses him in his power of minute observation and description. The reader of his poems must ever be on the watch to understand the exact meaning of the terms he employs, or he will miss much of the beauty. In a single word is often suggested something which the majority have never noticed, and which is seen only when brought thus definitely before the mind. Such delicacy of observation is proof enough of the joy the poet found in the comtemplation of natural objects. To his knowledge of outward phenomena Tennyson added a wide knowledge of the natural sciences, and many of his aptest images are drawn from this source.

To sum up we may say that Tennyson is fully worthy of his place in English hearts, and ranks among the greatest poets of the land. Some few have surpassed him in sheer force of poetic

imagination and his work is somewhat marred by mannerisms, but in delightful music, full and delicate expression, and complete command of poetical resources, none have excelled him, and he has set the standard for those who follow him. Not the least of his qualities is that breadth of sympathy which makes it possible for every class of reader to find in his work something to his taste, and through all his work rings a patriotism and pride of country which appeals to every Englishman.

—3—

A CRITICISM OF *ENOCH ARDEN*

The poem, first published in 1864, is one of the most finished works of Tennyson. The subject is a humble sea-faring man's misfortunes and sorrows, not the exploits of a great hero, but the characters portrayed display all the qualities that go to make true heroism. Anything finer than the character of Enoch, his steady perseverance, his clear-eyed sense of duty, his patience under overwhelming misfortune, his unhesitating self-sacrifice for the good of others, it would be hard to find. The characters of Annie and Philip are equally fine; the comparative affluence of Philip sets him above the demand for strenuous exertion which poverty made upon Enoch, but when the time comes for him to act, he is shown to be full of delicate consideration for others, loyal in the best way to his friend and to his first love, and able for their sakes to exercise a forbearance only

second to that of Enoch. Annie is a true woman, gentle and faithful, striving for the right, yet, as women are, subject to control by feelings which she can hardly define for herself. The very faithfulness to her of two such men suggests much more than is distinctly mentioned. The other characters of the poem are kept in the background, and the attention is never drawn away from the principal actors or diverted to other objects and in this the poet displays true art. We may mention the following characteristics of the poem.

THE ELEMENT OF NATURAL SCENERY

The poem throughout depicts the beauties of nature in a most striking manner. Worthy of particular notice is the beautiful description of the tropical island. We are made to feel, although the poet nowhere distinctly says so, that natural surroundings are exercising an influence upon the feelings of the actors. There is great kinship between the wide spaces of the downs and the seas, and the natures of such men as Enoch and Philip. It is amid such surroundings that simple, strong and gentle natures are reared. We may notice too the impression of the pitilessness of nature we derive from the description of the island.

THE ELEMENT OF RELIGION AND SUPERSTITION

The poet sufficiently indicates that the sustaining power which made the events recorded possible, and brought Enoch through such trial as would cause many to lose their reason, was a simple earnest faith

in the providence of God. This under-current of religion runs through the whole poem, but is nowhere obstrusive and is expressed with great skill. We feel rather than notice its presence, even when most prominent. Religion is depicted as what it should be, the firm foundation of life and activity, but not forced upon the notice of those with whom we have to do. An element of superstition is present in Annie which leads her, in her anxiety to solve her difficulties, to adopt unusual methods, but this is true to life as it was and still is among people of this kind.

THE ELEMENT OF RESTRAINT

The early work of Tennyson displayed a marked tendency to redundancy and lusciousness of expression. How completely he overcame this tendency and how thoroughly he attained to that restraint which is the highest quality of true art the poem suffices to show. The story itself is intensely sad and pathetic, but nowhere in the poem is the poet led by his own feelings to attempt to do too much, to improve upon the occasion, to moralise, or to enlarge for the sake of sentiment. What is necessary to a complete presentation is said and no more; such dialogue as there is, is equally restrained and to the point.

THE MORAL ELEMENT

There is an entire absence of wrong doing on the part of the principal actors. Enoch's actions throughout are determined by a strong sense of his duty towards those dependent upon him, and when he returns, he has no word of reproach for either Annie

or Philip. Philip acts throughout with the utmost consideration, and even his marriage is partly due to his desire to protect Annie and her children. Annie herself remains faithful to her husband's memory long after everybody else thought she ought to reward Philip for his patience and loyalty. All alike are the victims of misfortune which is in no sense due to wrong behaviour, and in this consists much of the pathos of the poem.

THE DICTION

The language throughout is clear, simple and direct and there is little in the poem which cannot be understood at the first glance. This is suited to the humble position of the principal characters. At the same time the verse is singularly musical and although the poem is of sufficient length to test the poet's capacity for sustained effort, there is not a line in it which can be said to fall below a certain high level. The poet overcomes the difficulties of metrical composition with such ease and mastery that the reader hardly realises how great these must be, until he compares the work with that of other famous artists in blank verse. Nowhere is there any sense of strain, and there is little of the violence of inversion which some seem to find themselves unable to avoid. To some it seems that strength is sacrificed to a sort of dainty delicacy, but this is perhaps to some extent more apparent than real. Strength of a kind there must be somewhere to produce the effect experienced, but it is partly concealed by the ease and simplicity of the diction, and partly by the beauty of the music.

The perfection of Tennyson's art is also seen in the fact that he seldom employs forms of expression which had become conventional and fixed, and such as are plentifully illustrated in the work of earlier poets.

— 4 —

THE METRE

The metre of *Enoch Arden* is that generally known as "blank verse," *i. e.*, lines of five iambic feet with no rhymes; of the pattern:—

"And Phílip Ráy the míller's ónly són.

This metre is that most commonly employed in longer poems and in dramatic verse, and is by many thought to be the finest instrument of poetical expression that has ever been invented. The absence of rhyme gives it a freedom which all rhymed verse lacks; while in the hands of a skilful performer it is capable of infinite variety and exceedingly musical. Although almost all the greater poets have made use of the metre, yet each has been able to impart to his work such distinctive quality, that one familiar with poetry can generally identify it as that of a particular writer, even if he has not heard it before.

Blank verse naturally falls into the two divisions of dramatic and non-dramatic verse. In dramatic verse greater freedom is required to give verisimilitude, and this is attained by free use of feminine endings, *i. e.*, by adding an extra weak syllable to the last foot and by allowing the sense to run on freely from line to line. Non-dramatic verse is much stricter in these respects, and very few instances of feminine

ending occur in *Enoch Arden*, which may be taken to exemplify Tennyson's conception of what blank verse should be. See lines 146, 498, 572, 589, etc.

Variety is given to blank verse by the substitution of other kinds of feet for the regular iambus. The foot most commonly substituted is the trochee and this Tennyson freely employs in all positions in the line except the last, *e. g.*

"Long línes | of clíffs | *breáking* | have léft | a chasm,"
"*Greén in* | a cúp- | like hól | low óf | the dówn"
"*E'noch* | was hóst | *óne day* | *Phílip* | the néxt."

Very few instances of other kinds of feet occur in the poem, nor does Tennyson often employ what may be called the "apparent" anapests, so common in Milton, *i. e.*, cases where two weak syllables are so slurred together as to give the effect of one weak syllable. Neither do we find instances, so common in Cowper, where the vowel of the article "the" is elided before another vowel and the result treated as one syllable. In some of his poems Tennyson has made some daring experiments in the direction of substituting other kinds of feet for iambics, but we find no instances in this poem which call for special notice.

Somewhat characteristic of Tennyson is his partiality for placing two heavy syllables in the same foot as in:—

And hígh | in heáven | behínd | it á | *gray dówn.*

When such a foot follows one composed of weaker syllables, some put the stress upon both words, and omit it from the preceding light syllables. It is probable that the poet himself would have put a light

stress on "a", enough to mark the foot, and another on "down." The confusion arises from confounding measure according to stress with measure according to length of syllable. A foot may consist of two long heavy syllables, but in natural speech one of the two is stressed more than the other, and this is sufficient to convert the foot into an iambus or a trochee, when stress alone is considered. The same considerations apply when a foot consists of two weak or short syllables.

A most important element in blank verse is the cæsural pause, which breaks up the unit of five feet into two parts of varying length. This pause usually coincides with the stops, but it is often to be understood where there is no stop to mark it. Tennyson has little to learn in this matter, and we may notice, as somewhat characteristic of him, his employment of several lines wherein the pause occupies the same place in each, or of lines in which there is no pause at all. A good instance is seen in lines 590, 591, 592. In his choice of the actual sounds employed, and in the use of rough or smooth syllables according to the sense of the passage Tennyson exercises the greatest taste. No writer excels him in the skilful use of alliteration and assonance. For details the reader must consult the notes. In general terms we may say that it would be difficult to find a poem wherein the verse is more fitly adapted to the subject than it is in *Enoch Arden.*

A SUMMARY OF THE POEM

Lines 1–9. The first nine lines give us a picture of the village in which the incidents narrated occurred, and particular features are dwelt upon with which these incidents are specially connected. This gives a peculiar unity to the poem.

Lines 10–36. The chief characters are brought before us as they were in their happy childhood; their games and amusements are described and also their childish quarrels.

Lines 37–79. As the children grow up feelings of love arise. Both Enoch and Philip fall in love with Annie. Enoch, with the seriousness and clearness of purpose which characterises him, labours to provide a home such as Annie can be asked to share. When this is ready, during a nutting expedition, he asks Annie to be his wife and she consents. Philip joins the party later, and seeing how matters stand, goes silently away to hide his disappointment and grief.

Lines 80–100. The wedded happiness of Enoch and Annie is described; then joy in their children, Enoch's busy habits and his resolve to give his children a better bringing up than himself or Annie had received.

Lines 101–127. Misfortune begins. Enoch, visiting a port some distance away, meets with an accident which renders it impossible for him to work. Another son is born, and he is of poor health. A rival captures a good part of Enoch's trade, and he grows anxious lest his dear ones should come to want. At this juncture he is offered a post in a vessel trading to China, and, looking on this as an answer to his prayer, he accepts the post.

Lines 128–147. Enoch debates with himself, and considers the best means of providing for his family during his absence. He decides to sacrifice his beloved boat and with the proceeds to fit up and stock a shop for Annie to keep until he returns. He hopes to become rich enough to keep his family in comfort.

Lines 148–167. Enoch arrives at his home and is joyfully greeted by Annie, who shows him his newly-born son. He waits until the next day before disclosing his plans. Annie tries hard to make him give up these plans but he remains firm.

Lines 168-243. Enoch makes his preparations for departure, working to fit up the new shop till the last moment. He meets the grief of parting bravely, and endeavours to encourage Annie by talking of a joyful return and the happiness they will enjoy together. She is almost reconciled to his departure, but when he begins to speak of trust in Providence, a presentiment arises in her mind, and she says that she does not expect to see him any more. Enoch tries to laugh her out of her fears, and tells her to watch for the ship to pass. Enoch kisses his wife and children in farewell, Annie gives him a curl of hair from the head of the youngest child, and Enoch goes away. When his ship passes, Annie cannot see for tears, and she sees Enoch no more.

Lines 244-269. Annie in her grief and loneliness tries to carry out Enoch's wishes, but her inexperience prevents her making the shop a success. The youngest child grows sicklier and at last dies.

Lines 270-327. Philip who had never lost his love for Annie, thinks that he may be of use to her in her trouble and goes to her. With great delicacy of feeling he asks her to do him a favour, which is, to make the education of her children his special care. He persuades her by saying that thus Enoch's dearest wish will be fulfilled, and he can be repaid when Enoch returns. Annie is overwhelmed with gratitude and tries to express it, but finds it almost impossible to do so.

Lines 328-358. Philip carries out his plan, lavishing all possible care upon the children, but careful to avoid arousing gossip by seldom visiting Annie, although he often finds excuses for sending her little gifts to ease her poverty. When he does meet Annie he fails to understand her, because she finds it so impossible to express her gratitude to him. The children however come to look upon Philip as a father, and the memory of their true father fades from their minds. Ten years so pass and no news of Enoch comes to them.

Lines 359-394. Annie and the children go nutting to the wood. Philip is persuaded by the children to accompany them, and while they are amusing themselves Philip and Annie are left together. Philip remembers the time of his great disappointment, and half rebellious suggests that Annie is spoiling her own life and that of her children in refusing to believe that Enoch is dead, and to face the future on that supposition.

Lines 395-418. Philip tells Annie of his love and urges, that as it is beyond hope that Enoch will ever return, she should marry himself, and so give him the right to take care of her and of her children. He says that the children already love him as if he were their father, and it will be for her happiness to be his wife.

Lines 419-448. Annie speaks of his goodness to them all, and says that as she cannot love him as she loved Enoch, he should look for a wife elsewhere. He says that it will content him to be loved "a little after Enoch," and Annie promises to marry him in a year's time, if Enoch does not return. On the way home, Philip, thinking that he had taken advantage of her weakness, offers to release her from her promise, but she refuses to be released.

Lines 449-506. The year of waiting passes, but Annie still finds excuses for putting off the marriage. Philip, in his anxiety, becomes careworn but still loyally abides by his resolve not to distress her. She therefore begins to pity him and to reproach herself. Her children press her to marry Philip, and the gossips of the place begin to speak of her in a disparaging way. At last, to ease the suspense, she seeks for other guidance. Opening a Bible at random she puts her finger as a text and reads, "Under a palm-tree." This means nothing to her, but she afterwards dreams of Enoch as seated under a palmtree, and taking this to mean that he is dead, she calls Philip to her and asks him to marry her at once.

Lines 507-522. The bells again ring merrily as at the first wedding. Annie cannot at first rid herself of the presentiment that Enoch will return, but when a child is born to her and Philip she becomes happy in Philip's love, and the presentiment dies away.

Lines 523-549. The ship in which Enoch sails has a prosperous voyage out, meeting with the usual changes of weather and reaching her eastern port in safety. Enoch does a little trading on his own account, and does not forget to buy presents for the children at home. The return voyage begins favourably, but a storm arises, the ship is wrecked on a lonely island, and only Enoch and two others reach the land alive.

Lines 550-595. The island in all its beauty supplies the physical needs of the seamen. One of the survivors, a boy, lives five years, but then dies of an injury received at the time of the wreck.

The other survivor, in his eagerness to find means of escape from the island, exposes himself and dies of sun-stroke. Enoch is left alone.

Lines 596–617. Enoch watches eagerly through the years for the ship that never comes, and thoughts of his home and his family are ever with him. Once he hears the ringing of the bells of his village, and this so arouses his longing that it is only his trust in God which preserves him from going out of his mind.

Lines 618–662. Enoch's hope of release had not altogether disappeared when a ship, driven by a storm out of its course, visits the island. The crew lands to obtain fresh water, and Enoch, who has almost lost all power of speech, shows them where water is to be found. The sailors take him aboard and treat him kindly, and when they reach England, they give him money and set him ashore at the harbour whence he set out eleven years before.

Lines 663–712. Enoch walks to the place of his home on an afternoon which grows more and more gloomy as he nears his village. He finds a notice affixed to his old home announcing that it is for sale and is inclined to give up all hope of seeing his loved ones again. He takes lodgings at an old tavern with an old landlady whom he had known in former days, but who does not recognise him. She tells him all the news of the village, and Enoch learns what has become of Annie and the children. He realises that life has lost its joy for himself, but sees that no blame attaches to any one.

Lines 713–766. After a time the desire to look again upon Annie's face comes so strongly upon him that one day he walks out to the downs as darkness falls, and there thinks over the past and prays for strength. The light from Philip's window attracts him, and he cannot refrain from going to look into the window to see for himself how his loved ones fare. He sees the whole family sitting happily together within, his grown-up son and daughter, and Annie with a child upon her knee. The sight of their happiness so affects him that he can hardly refrain from crying out, but his love for Annie enables him to control himself.

Lines 767–794. Leaving the place he goes back to the downs and there prays for strength to bear his sorrow and to keep his resolution never to betray himself, and so to bring sorrow upon the happy home. He then retires to his solitary lodging.

Lines 795-828. His noble resolve and his habit of prayer enable him to live, but the absence of any for whom to work deprives him of all interest in his labour, and in about a year he grows so feeble that he cannot leave his bed.

Lines 829-911. As Enoch realises that he must soon die, he calls his landlady to him, and first making her swear to keep secret what he says to her, he tells her who he is and all that has befallen him. The woman weeps at his tale of sorrow, and wishes to bring his children to visit him. Enoch refuses to permit this, but tells the woman to deliver a message from him, when he is dead, to Annie and the children, and, in order that no doubt may be left in Annie's mind, directs the woman to give to Annie the lock of hair from the head of the child which Annie had given him when he went away.

Three days afterwards Enoch passes away, and is given a costly funeral by those who love him, when they learn how great a sacrifice he has made for their sakes.

ENOCH ARDEN

Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm;
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands;
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf
In cluster; then a moulder'd church; and higher
A long street climbs to one tall-tower'd mill;
And high in heaven behind it a grey down
With Danish barrows; and a hazelwood,
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.

Here on this beach a hundred years ago,
Three children of three houses, Annie Lee,
The prettiest little damsel in the port,
And Philip Ray the miller's only son,
And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad
Made orphan by a winter shipwreck, play'd
Among the waste and lumber of the shore,
Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing-nets,
Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats updrawn;
And built their castles of dissolving sand
To watch them overflow'd, or following up
And flying the white breaker, daily left
The little footprint daily wash'd away.

A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff:
In this the children play'd at keeping house.
Enoch was host one day, Philip the next,
While Annie still was mistress; but at times
Enoch would hold possession for a week:
"This is my house and this my little wife."
"Mine too" said Philip "turn and turn about":
When, if they quarrell'd, Enoch stronger-made
Was master: then would Philip, his blue eyes
All flooded with the helpless wrath of tears,
Shriek out "I hate you, Enoch," and at this
The little wife would weep for company,
And pray them not to quarrel for her sake,
And say she would be little wife to both.

But when the dawn of rosy childhood past,
And the new warmth of life's ascending sun
Was felt by either, either fixt his heart
On that one girl; and Enoch spoke his love,
But Philip loved in silence; and the girl
Seem'd kinder unto Philip than to him;
But she loved Enoch; tho' she knew it not,
And would if ask'd deny it. Enoch set
A purpose evermore before his eyes,
To hoard all savings to the uttermost,
To purchase his own boat, and make a home
For Annie: and so prosper'd that at last
A luckier or a bolder fisherman,
A carefuller in peril, did not breathe
For leagues along that breaker-beaten coast
Than Enoch. Likewise had he served a year
On board a merchantman, and made himself
Full sailor; and he thrice had pluck'd a life

From the dread sweep of the down-streaming seas:
And all men look'd upon him favourably:
And ere he touch'd his one-and-twentieth May
He purchased his own boat, and made a home
For Annie, neat and nestlike, halfway up
The narrow street that clamber'd toward the mill.

Then, on a golden autumn eventide,
The younger people making holiday,
With bag and sack and basket, great and small,
Went nutting to the hazels. Philip stay'd
(His father lying sick and needing him)
An hour behind; but as he climb'd the hill,
Just where the prone edge of the wood began
To feather toward the hollow, saw the pair,
Enoch and Annie, sitting hand-in-hand,
His large grey eyes and weather-beaten face
All-kindled by a still and sacred fire,
That burn'd as on an altar. Philip look'd,
And in their eyes and faces read his doom;
Then, as their faces drew together, groan'd,
And slipt aside, and like a wounded life
Crept down into the hollows of the wood;
There, while the rest were loud in merrymaking,
Had his dark hour unseen, and rose and past
Bearing a lifelong hunger in his heart.

So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells,
And merrily ran the years, seven happy years,
Seven happy years of health and competence,
And mutual love and honourable toil;
With children; first a daughter. In him woke,
With his first babe's first cry, the noble wish

To save all earnings to the uttermost,
And give his child a better bringing-up
Than his had been, or hers; a wish renew'd,
When two years after came a boy to be
The rosy idol of her solitudes,
While Enoch was abroad on wrathful seas,
Or often journeying landward; for in truth
Enoch's white horse, and Enoch's ocean-spoil
In ocean-smelling osier, and his face,
Rough-redden'd with a thousand winter gales,
Not only to the market-cross were known,
But in the leafy lanes behind the down,
Far as the portal-warding lion-whelp,
And peacock-yewtree of the lonely Hall,
Whose Friday fare was Enoch's ministering.

Then came a change, as all things human change.
Ten miles to northward of the narrow port
Open'd a larger haven: thither used
Enoch at times to go by land or sea;
And once when there, and clambering on a mast
In harbour, by mischance he slipt and fell:
A limb was broken when they lifted him;
And while he lay recovering there, his wife
Bore him another son, a sickly one:
Another hand crept too across his trade
Taking her bread and theirs: and on him fell,
Altho' a grave and staid God-fearing man,
Yet lying thus inactive, doubt and gloom.
He seem'd, as in a nightmare of the night,
To see his children leading evermore
Low miserable lives of hand-to-mouth,

And her, he loved, a beggar: then he pray'd
"Save them from this, whatever comes to me."
And while he pray'd, the master of that ship
Enoch had served in, hearing his mischance,
Came, for he knew the man and valued him,
Reporting of his vessel China-bound,
And wanting yet a boatswain. Would he go?
There yet were many weeks before she sail'd,
Sail'd from this port. Would Enoch have the place?
And Enoch all at once assented to it,
Rejoicing at that answer to his prayer.

So now that shadow of mischance appear'd
No graver than as when some little cloud
Cuts off the fiery highway of the sun,
And isles a light in the offing: yet the wife—
When he was gone—the children—what to do?
Then Enoch lay long-pondering on his plans;
To sell the boat—and yet he loved her well—
How many a rough sea had he weather'd in her!
He knew her, as a horseman knows his horse—
And yet to sell her—then with what she brought
Buy goods and stores—set Annie forth in trade
With all that seamen needed or their wives—
So might she keep the house while he was gone
Should he not trade himself out yonder? go
This voyage more than once? yea twice or thrice—
As oft as needed—last, returning rich,
Become the master of a larger craft,
With fuller profits lead an easier life,
Have all his pretty young ones educated,
And pass his days in peace among his own.

Thus Enoch in his heart determined all:
Then moving homeward came on Annie pale,
Nursing the sickly babe, her latest-born.
Forward she started with a happy cry,
And laid the feeble infant in his arms;
Whom Enoch took, and handled all his limbs,
Appraised his weight and fondled father-like,
But had no heart to break his purposes
To Annie, till the morrow, when he spoke.

Then first since Enoch's golden ring had girt
Her finger, Annie fought against his will:
Yet not with brawling opposition she,
But manifold entreaties, many a tear,
Many a sad kiss by day by night renew'd
(Sure that all evil would come out of it)
Besought him, supplicating, if he cared
For her or his dear children, not to go.
He not for his own self caring but her,
Her and her children, let her plead in vain;
So grieving held his will, and bore it thro'.

For Enoch parted with his old sea-friend,
Bought Annie goods and stores, and set his hand
To fit their little streetward sitting-room
With shelf and corner for the goods and stores.
So all day long till Enoch's last at home,
Shaking their pretty cabin, hammer and axe,
Auger and saw, while Annie seem'd to hear
Her own death-scaffold raising, shrill'd and rang,
Till this was ended, and his careful hand,—
The space was narrow,—having order'd all
Almost as neat and close as Nature packs

Her blossom or her seedling, paused; and he,
Who needs would work for Annie to the last,
Ascending tired, heavily slept till morn.

And Enoch faced this morning of farewell
Brightly and boldly. All his Annie's fears,
Save, as his Annie's, were a laughter to him.
Yet Enoch as a brave God-fearing man
Bow'd himself down, and in that mystery
Where God-in-man is one with man-in-God,
Pray'd for a blessing on his wife and babes
Whatever came to him: and then he said
"Annie, this voyage by the grace of God
Will bring fair weather yet to all of us.
Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for me,
For I'll be back, my girl, before you know it."
Then lightly rocking baby's cradle "and he,
This pretty, puny, weakly little one,—
Nay—for I love him all the better for it—
God bless him, he shall sit upon my knees
And I will tell him tales of foreign parts,
And make him merry, when I come home again.
Come Annie, come, cheer up before I go."

Him running on thus hopefully she heard,
And almost hoped herself; but when he turn'd
The current of his talk to graver things
In sailor fashion roughly sermonizing
On providence and trust in Heaven, she heard,
Heard and not heard him; as the village girl,
Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring,
Musing on him that used to fill it for her,
Hears and not hears, and lets it overflow.

At length she spoke "O Enoch, you are wise;
And yet for all your wisdom well know I
That I shall look upon your face no more."

"Well then," said Enoch, "I shall look on yours.
Annie, the ship I sail in passes here
(He named the day) get you a seaman's glass,
Spy out my face, and laugh at all your fears."

But when the last of those last moments came,
"Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted,
Look to the babes, and till I come again,
Keep everything shipshape, for I must go.
And fear no more for me; or if you fear
Cast all your cares on God; that anchor holds.
Is He not yonder in those uttermost
Parts of the morning? if I flee to these
Can I go from Him? and the sea is His,
The sea is His: He made it."

Enoch rose,
Cast his strong arms about his drooping wife,
And kiss'd his wonder-stricken little ones;
But for the third, the sickly one, who slept
After a night of feverous wakefulness,
When Annie would have raised him Enoch said
"Wake him not; let him sleep; how should the child
Remember this?" and kiss'd him in his cot.
But Annie from her baby's forehead clipt
A tiny curl, and gave it: this he kept
Thro' all his future; but now hastily caught
His bundle, waved his hand, and went his way.

She when the day, that Enoch mention'd, came,
Borrow'd a glass, but all in vain: perhaps
She could not fix the glass to suit her eye;
Perhaps her eye was dim, hand tremulous;
She saw him not: and while he stood on deck
Waving, the moment and the vessel past.

Ev'n to the last dip of the vanishing sail
She watch'd it, and departed weeping for him;
Then, tho' she mourn'd his absence as his grave,
Set her sad will no less to chime with his,
But throve not in her trade, not being bred
To barter, nor compensating the want
By shrewdness, neither capable of lies,
Nor asking overmuch and taking less,
And still foreboding "what would Enoch say?"
For more than once, in days of difficulty
And pressure, had she sold her wares for less
Than what she gave in buying what she sold:
She fail'd and sadden'd knowing it; and thus,
Expectant of that news which never came,
Gain'd for her own a scanty sustenance,
And lived a life of silent melancholy.

Now the third child was sickly-born and grew
Yet sicklier, tho' the mother cared for it
With all a mother's care: nevertheless,
Whether her business often call'd her from it,
Or thro' the want of what it needed most,
Or means to pay the voice who best could tell
What most it needed — howsoe'er it was,
After a lingering, — ere she was aware,—
Like the caged bird escaping suddenly,
The little innocent soul flitted away.

In that same week when Annie buried it,
Philip's true heart, which hunger'd for her peace
(Since Enoch left he had not look'd upon her),
Smote him, as having kept aloof so long.
"Surely" said Philip "I may see her now,
May be some little comfort"; therefore went,
Past thro' the solitary room in front,
Paused for a moment at an inner door,
Then struck it thrice, and, no one opening,
Enter'd; but Annie, seated with her grief,
Fresh from the burial of her little one,
Cared not to look on any human face,
But turn'd her own toward the wall and wept.
Then Philip standing up said falteringly
"Annie, I came to ask a favour of you."

He spoke; the passion in her moan'd reply
"Favour from one so sad and so forlorn
As I am!" half abash'd him; yet unask'd,
His bashfulness and tenderness at war,
He set himself beside her, saying to her:

"I came to speak to you of what he wish'd,
Enoch, your husband: I have ever said
You chose the best among us — a strong man:
For where he fixt his heart he set his hand
To do the thing he will'd, and bore it thro'.
And wherefore did he go this weary way,
And leave you lonely? not to see the world —
For pleasure? — nay, but for the wherewithal
To give his babes a better bringing-up
Than his had been, or yours: that was his wish.

And if he come again, vext will he be
To find the precious morning hours were lost.
And it would vex him even in his grave,
If he could know his babes were running wild
Like colts about the waste. So, Annie, now—
Have we not known each other all our lives?
I do beseech you by the love you bear
Him and his children not to say me nay—
For, if you will, when Enoch comes again
Why then he shall repay me—if you will,
Annie—for I am rich and well-to-do.
Now let me put the boy and girl to school:
This is the favour that I came to ask."

Then Annie with her brows against the wall
Answer'd "I cannot look you in the face;
I seem so foolish and so broken down.
When you came in my sorrow broke me down;
And now I think your kindness breaks me down;
But Enoch lives; that is borne in on me:
He will repay you: money can be repaid;
Not kindness such as yours."

And Philip ask'd
"Then you will let me, Annie?"

There she turn'd,
She rose, and fixt her swimming eyes upon him,
And dwelt a moment on his kindly face,
Then calling down a blessing on his head
Caught at his hand, and wrung it passionately,
And past into the little garth beyond.
So lifted up in spirit he moved away.

Then Philip put the boy and girl to school,
And bought them needful books, and everyway,
Like one who does his duty by his own,
Made himself theirs; and tho' for Annie's sake,
Fearing the lazy gossip of the port,
He oft denied his heart his dearest wish,
And seldom crost her threshold, yet he sent
Gifts by the children, garden-herbs and fruit,
The late and early roses from his wall,
Or conies from the down, and now and then
With some pretext of fineness in the meal
To save the offence of charitable, flour
From his tall mill that whistled on the waste.

But Philip did not fathom Annie's mind:
Scarce could the woman when he came upon her,
Out of full heart and boundless gratitude
Light on a broken word to thank him with.
But Philip was her children's all-in-all;
From distant corners of the street they ran
To greet his hearty welcome heartily;
Lords of his house and of his mill were they;
Worried his passive ear with petty wrongs
Or pleasures, hung upon him, play'd with him
And call'd him Father Philip. Philip gain'd
As Enoch lost; for Enoch seem'd to them
Uncertain as a vision or a dream,
Faint as a figure seen in early dawn
Down at the far end of an avenue,
Going we know not where: and so ten years,
Since Enoch left his hearth and native land,
Fled forward, and no news of Enoch came.

It chanced one evening Annie's children long'd
To go with others, nutting to the wood,
And Annie would go with them; then they begg'd
For Father Philip (as they call'd him) too:
Him, like the working bee in blossom-dust,
Blanch'd with his mill, they found; and saying to him
"Come with us, Father Philip" he denied;
But when the children pluck'd at him to go,
He laugh'd, and yielded readily to their wish,
For was not Annie with them? and they went.

But after scaling half the weary down,
Just where the prone edge of the wood began
To feather toward the hollow, all her force
Fail'd her; and sighing, "Let me rest" she said:
So Philip rested with her well-content;
While all the younger ones with jubilant cries
Broke from their elders, and tumultuously
Down thro' the whitening hazels made a plunge
To the bottom, and dispersed, and bent or broke
The lithe reluctant boughs to tear away
Their tawny clusters, crying to each other
And calling, here and there, about the wood.

But Philip sitting at her side forgot
Her presence, and remember'd one dark hour
Here in this wood, when like a wounded life
He crept into the shadow: at last he said,
Lifting his honest forehead, "Listen, Annie,
How merry they are down yonder in the wood.
Tired, Annie?" for she did not speak a word.

"Tired?" but her face had fall'n upon her hands;
At which, as with a kind of anger in him,
"The ship was lost" he said, "the ship was lost!
No more of that! why should you kill yourself
And make them orphans quite?" And Annie said
"I thought not of it: but—I know not why—
Their voices make me feel so solitary."

Then Philip coming somewhat closer spoke.
"Annie, there is a thing upon my mind,
And it has been upon my mind so long,
That tho' I know not when it first came there,
I know that it will out at last. O Annie,
It is beyond all hope, against all chance,
That he who left you ten long years ago
Should still be living; well then—let me speak:
I grieve to see you poor and wanting help:
I cannot help you as I wish to do
Unless—they say that women are so quick—
Perhaps you know what I would have you know—
I wish you for my wife. I fain would prove
A father to your children: I do think
They love me as a father: I am sure
That I love them as if they were mine own;
And I believe, if you were fast my wife,
That after all these sad uncertain years,
We might be still as happy as God grants
To any of His creatures. Think upon it:
For I am well-to-do—no kin, no care,
No burthen, save my care for you and yours:
And we have known each other all our lives,
And I have loved you longer than you know."

Then answer'd Annie; tenderly she spoke:
"You have been as God's good angel in our house.
God bless you for it, God reward you for it,
Philip, with something happier than myself.
Can one love twice? can you be ever loved
As Enoch was? what is it that you ask?"
"I am content" he answer'd "to be loved
A little after Enoch." "O" she cried,
Scared as it were, "dear Philip, wait a while:
If Enoch comes — but Enoch will not come —
Yet wait a year, a year is not so long:
Surely I shall be wiser in a year:
O wait a little!" Philip sadly said
"Annie, as I have waited all my life
I well may wait a little." "Nay" she cried
"I am bound: you have my promise — in a year:
Will you not bide your year as I bide mine?"
And Philip answer'd "I will bide my year."

Here both were mute, till Philip glancing up
Beheld the dead flame of the fallen day
Pass from the Danish barrow overhead;
Then fearing night and chill for Annie rose,
And sent his voice beneath him through the wood.
Up came the children laden with their spoil;
Then all descended to the port, and there
At Annie's door he paused and gave his hand,
Saying gently "Annie, when I spoke to you,
That was your hour of weakness. I was wrong.
I am always bound to you, but you are free."
Then Annie weeping answer'd "I am bound."

She spoke; and in one moment as it were,
While yet she went about her household ways,
Ev'n as she dwelt upon his latest words,
That he had loved her longer than she knew,
That autumn into autumn flash'd again,
And there he stood once more before her face,
Claiming her promise. "Is it a year?" she ask'd,
"Yes, if the nuts" he said "be ripe again:
Come out and see." But she — she put him off —
So much to look to — such a change — a month —
Give her a month — she knew that she was bound —
A month — no more. Then Philip with his eyes
Full of that lifelong hunger, and his voice
Shaking a little like a drunkard's hand,
"Take your own time, Annie, take your own time."
And Annie could have wept for pity of him;
And yet she held him on delayingly
With many a scarce-believable excuse,
Trying his truth and his long-sufferance,
Till half-another year had slipt away.

By this the lazy gossips of the port,
Abhorrent of a calculation crost,
Began to chafe as at a personal wrong.
Some thought that Philip did but trifle with her;
Some that she but held off to draw him on;
And others laugh'd at her and Philip too,
As simple folk that knew not their own minds;
And one, in whom all evil fancies clung
Like serpent eggs together, laughingly
Would hint at worse in either. Her own son
Was silent, tho' he often look'd his wish;

But evermore the daughter prest upon her
To wed the man so dear to all of them
And lift the household out of poverty;
And Philip's rosy face contracting grew
Careworn and wan; and all these things fell on her
Sharp as reproach.

At last one night it chanced
That Annie could not sleep, but earnestly
Pray'd for a sign "my Enoch is he gone?"
Then compass'd round by the blind wall of night
Brook'd not the expectant terror of her heart,
Started from bed, and struck herself a light,
Then desperately seized the holy Book,'
Suddenly set it wide to find a sign,
Suddenly put her finger on the text,
"Under the palmtree." That was nothing to her:
No meaning there: she closed the Book and slept:
When lo! her Enoch sitting on a height,
Under a palmtree, over him the Sun:
"He is gone" she thought "he is happy, he is singing
Hosanna in the highest: yonder shines
The Sun of Righteousness, and these be palms
Whereof the happy people strowing cried
'Hosanna in the highest!'" Here she woke,
Resolved, sent for him and said wildly to him
"There is no reason why we should not wed."
"Then for God's sake," he answer'd, "both our sakes,
So you will wed me, let it be at once."

So these were wed and merrily rang the bells,
Merrily rang the bells and they were wed.
But never merrily beat Annie's heart.

A footstep seem'd to fall beside her path,
She knew not whence; a whisper on her ear,
She knew not what; nor loved she to be left
Alone at home, nor ventured out alone.
What ail'd her then, that ere she enter'd, often
Her hand dwelt lingeringly on the latch,
Fearing to enter: Philip thought he knew:
Such doubts and fears were common to her state,
Being with child; but when her child was born,
Then her new child was as herself renew'd,
Then the new mother came about her heart,
Then her good Philip was her all-in-all,
And that mysterious instinct wholly died.

And where was Enoch? prosperously sail'd
The ship "Good Fortune," tho' at setting forth
The Biscay, roughly ridging eastward, shook
And almost overwhelm'd her, yet unvext
She slipt across the summer of the world,
Then after a long tumble about the Cape
And frequent interchange of foul and fair,
She passing thro' the summer world again,
The breath of heaven came continually
And sent her sweetly by the golden isles,
Till silent in her oriental haven.

There Enoch traded for himself, and bought
Quaint monsters for the market of those times,
A gilded dragon, also, for the babes.

Less lucky her home-voyage: at first indeed
Thro' many a fair sea-circle, day by day,
Scarce-rocking, her full-busted figure-head
Stared o'er the ripple feathering from her bows:

Then follow'd calms, and then winds variable,
Then baffling, a long course of them; and last
Storm, such as drove her under moonless heavens
Till hard upon the cry of "breakers" came
The crash of ruin, and the loss of all
But Enoch and two others. Half the night,
Buoy'd upon floating tackle and broken spars,
These drifted, stranding on an isle at morn
Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea.

No want was there of human sustenance,
Soft fruitage, mighty nuts, and nourishing roots;
Nor save for pity was it hard to take
The helpless life so wild that it was tame.
There in a seaward-gazing mountain-gorge
They built, and thatch'd with leaves of palm, a hut,
Half hut, half native cavern. So the three,
Set in this Eden of all plenteousness,
Dwelt with eternal summer, ill-content.

For one, the youngest, hardly more than boy,
Hurt in that night of sudden ruin and wreck,
Lay lingering out a three-years' death-in-life.
They could not leave him. After he was gone,
The two remaining found a fallen stem;
And Enoch's comrade, careless of himself,
Fire-hollowing this in Indian fashion, fell
Sun-stricken, and that other lived alone.
In those two deaths he read God's warning "wait."

The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,
The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,

The lustre of the long convolvuluses
That coil'd around the stately stems, and ran
Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows
And glories of the broad belt of the world,
All these he saw; but what he fain had seen
He could not see, the kindly human face,
Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd
And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
As down the shore he ranged, or all day long
Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,
A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail:
No sail from day to day, but every day
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms and ferns and precipices;
The blaze upon the waters to the east;
The blaze upon his island overhead;
The blaze upon the waters to the west;
Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,
The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail.

There often as he watch'd or seem'd to watch,
So still, the golden lizard on him paused,
A phantom made of many phantoms moved
Before him haunting him, or he himself
Moved haunting people, things and places, known
Far in a darker isle beyond the line;

The babes, their babble, Annie, the small house,
The climbing street, the mill, the leafy lanes,
The peacock-yewtree and the lonely Hall,
The horse he drove, the boat he sold, the chill
November dawns and dewy-glooming downs,
The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves,
And the low moan of leaden-colour'd seas.

Once likewise, in the ringing of his ears,
Tho' faintly, merrily — far and far away —
He heard the pealing of his parish bells;
Then, tho' he knew not wherefore, started up
Shuddering, and when the beauteous hateful isle
Return'd upon him, had not his poor heart
Spoken with That, which being everywhere
Lets none, who speaks with Him, seem all alone,
Surely the man had died of solitude.

Thus over Enoch's early-silvering head
The sunny and rainy seasons came and went
Year after year. His hopes to see his own,
And pace the sacred old familiar fields,
Not yet had perish'd, when his lonely doom
Came suddenly to an end. Another ship
(She wanted water) blown by baffling winds,
Like the Good Fortune, from her destined course,
Stay'd by this isle, not knowing where she lay:
For since the mate had seen at early dawn
Across a break on the mist-wreathen isle
The silent water slipping from the hills,
They sent a crew that landing burst away
In search of stream or fount, and fill'd the shores
With clamour. Downward from his mountain gorge

Stept the long-hair'd long-bearded solitary,
Brown, looking hardly human, strangely clad,
Muttering and mumbling, idiotlike it seem'd,
With inarticulate rage, and making signs
They knew not what: and yet he led the way
To where the rivulets of sweet water ran;
And ever as he mingled with the crew,
And heard them talking, his long-bounden tongue
Was loosen'd, till he made them understand;
Whom, when their casks were fill'd they took aboard:
And there the tale he utter'd brokenly,
Scarce-credited at first but more and more,
Amazed and melted all who listen'd to it;
And clothes they gave him and free passage home;
But oft he work'd among the rest and shook
His isolation from him. None of these
Came from his county, or could answer him,
If question'd, aught of what he cared to know.
And dull the voyage was with long delays,
The vessel scarce sea-worthy; but evermore
His fancy fled before the lazy wind
Returning, till beneath a clouded moon
He like a lover down thro' all his blood
Drew in the dewy meadowy morning-breath
Of England, blown across her ghostly wall:
And that same morning officers and men
Levied a kindly tax upon themselves,
Pitying the lonely man, and gave him it:
Then moving up the coast they landed him,
Ev'n in that harbour whence he sail'd before.

There Enoch spoke no word to any one,
But homeward — home — what home? had he a home?

His home, he walk'd. Bright was that afternoon,
Sunny but chill; till drawn thro' either chasm,
Where either haven open'd on the deeps,
Roll'd a sea-haze and whelm'd the world in grey;
Cut off the length of highway on before,
And left but narrow breadth to left and right
Of wither'd holt or tilth or pasturage.
On the nigh-naked tree the robin piped
Disconsolate, and thro' the dripping haze
The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down:
Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom;
Last, as it seem'd, a great mist-blotted light
Flared on him, and he came upon the place.

Then down the long street having slowly stolen,
His heart foreshadowing all calamity,
His eyes upon the stones, he reach'd the home
Where Annie lived and loved him, and his babes
In those far-off seven happy years were born;
But finding neither light nor murmur there
(A bill of sale gleam'd thro' the drizzle) crept
Still downward thinking "dead or dead to me!"

Down to the pool and narrow wharf he went
Seeking a tavern which of old he knew,
A front of timber-crost antiquity,
So propt, worm-eaten, ruinously old,
He thought it must have gone; but he was gone
Who kept it; and his widow Miriam Lane,
With daily-dwindling profits held the house;
A haunt of brawling seamen once, but now
Stiller, with yet a bed for wandering men.
There Enoch rested silent many days.

But Miriam Lane was good and garrulous,
Nor let him be, but often breaking in,
Told him, with other annals of the port,
Not knowing—Enoch was so brown, so bow'd,
So broken—all the story of his house.
His baby's death, her growing poverty,
How Philip put her little ones to school,
And kept them in it, his long wooing her,
Her slow consent, and marriage, and the birth
Of Philip's child: and o'er his countenance
No shadow past, nor motion: any one,
Regarding, well had deem'd he felt the tale
Less than the teller: only when she closed
"Enoch, poor man, was cast away and lost"
He, shaking his grey head pathetically,
Repeated muttering "cast away and lost";
Again in deeper inward whispers "lost!"

But Enoch yearn'd to see her face again;
"If I might look on her sweet face again
And know that she is happy." So the thought
Haunted and harass'd him, and drove him forth,
At evening when the dull November day
Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.
There he sat down gazing on all below;
There did a thousand memories roll upon him,
Unspeakable for sadness. By and by
The ruddy square of comfortable light,
Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house,
Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures
The bird of passage, till he madly strikes
Against it, and beats out his weary life.

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,
The latest house to landward; but behind,
With one small gate that open'd on the waste,
Flourish'd a little garden square and wall'd:
And in it throve an ancient evergreen,
A yewtree, and all round it ran a walk
Of shingle, and a walk divided it:
But Enoch shunn'd the middle walk and stole
Up by the wall, behind the yew; and thence
That which he better might have shunn'd, if griefs
Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

For cups and silver on the burnish'd board
Sparkled and shone; so genial was the hearth:
And on the right hand of the hearth he saw
Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,
Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees;
And o'er her second father stoopt a girl,
A later but a loftier Annie Lee,
Fair-hair'd and tall, and from her lifted hand
Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring
To tempt the babe, who rear'd his creasy arms,
Caught at and ever miss'd it, and they laugh'd:
And on the left hand of the hearth he saw
The mother glancing often toward her babe,
But turning now and then to speak with him,
Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,
And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

Now when the dead man come to life beheld
His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,
And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,

And his own children tall and beautiful,
And him, that other, reigning in his place,
Lord of his rights and of his children's love, —
Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told him all,
Because things seen are mightier than things heard,
Stagger'd and shook, holding the branch, and fear'd
To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

He therefore turning softly like a thief,
Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,
And feeling all along the garden-wall,
Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,
Crept to the gate, and open'd it, and closed,
As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,
Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his knees
Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug
His fingers into the wet earth, and pray'd.

"Too hard to bear! why did they take me thence?
O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou
That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,
Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
A little longer! aid me, give me strength
Not to tell her, never to let her know.
Help me not to break in upon her peace.
My children too! must I not speak to these?
They know me not. I should betray myself.
Never: no father's kiss for me — the girl
So like her mother, and the boy, my son."

There speech and thought and nature fail'd a little,
And he lay tranced; but when he rose and paced
Back toward his solitary home again,
All down the long and narrow street he went
Beating it in upon his weary brain,
As tho' it were the burthen of a song,
"Not to tell her, never to let her know."

He was not all unhappy. His resolve
Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore
Prayer from a living source within the will,
And beating up thro' all the bitter world,
Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,
Kept him a living soul. "This miller's wife"
He said to Miriam "that you told me of,
Has she no fear that her first husband lives?"
"Ay, ay, poor soul" said Miriam, "fear enow!
If you could tell her you had seen him dead,
Why, that would be her comfort;" and he thought
"After the Lord has call'd me she shall know,
I wait His time," and Enoch set himself,
Scorning an alms, to work whereby to live.
Almost to all things could he turn his hand.
Cooper he was and carpenter, and wrought
To make the boatmen fishing-nets, or help'd
At lading and unlading the tall barks,
That brought the stinted commerce of those days;
Thus earn'd a scanty living for himself:
Yet since he did but labour for himself,
Work without hope, there was not life in it
Whereby the man could live; and as the year
Roll'd itself round again to meet the day
When Enoch had return'd, a languor came

Upon him, gentle sickness, gradually
Weakening the man, till he could do no more,
But kept the house, his chair, and last his bed.
And Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully.
For sure no gladlier does the stranded wreck
See thro' the grey skirts of a lifting squall
The boat that bears the hope of life approach
To save the life despair'd of, then he saw
Death dawning on him, and the close of all.

For thro' that dawning gleam'd a kindlier hope
On Enoch thinking "after I am gone,
Then may she learn I lov'd her to the last."
He call'd aloud for Miriam Lane and said
"Woman, I have a secret—only swear,
Before I tell you—swear upon the book
Not to reveal it, till you see me dead."
"Dead," clamour'd the good woman, "hear him talk!
I warrant, man, that we shall bring you round."
"Swear" added Enoch sternly "on the book."
And on the book, half-frighted, Miriam swore.
Then Enoch rolling his grey eyes upon her,
"Did you know Enoch Arden of this town?"
"Know him?" she said "I knew him far away.
Ay, ay, I mind him coming down the street;
Held his head high, and cared for no man, he."
Slowly and sadly Enoch answer'd her:
"His head is low, and no man cares for him.
I think I have not three days more to live;
I am the man." At which the woman gave
A half-incredulous, half-hysterical cry.
"You Arden, you! nay,—sure he was a foot
Higher than you be." Enoch said again,
"My God has bow'd me down to what I am;

My grief and solitude have broken me;
Nevertheless, know you that I am he
Who married—but that name has twice been changed—
I married her who married Philip Ray.
Sit, listen." Then he told her of his voyage,
His wreck, his lonely life, his coming back,
His gazing in on Annie, his resolve,
And how he kept it. As the woman heard,
Fast flow'd the current of her easy tears,
While in her heart she yearn'd incessantly
To rush abroad all round the little haven,
Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes;
But awed and promise-bounden she forbore,
Saying only "See your bairns before you go!
Eh, let me fetch 'em, Arden," and arose
Eager to bring them down, for Enoch hung
A moment on her words, but then replied:

"Woman, disturb me not now at the last,
But let me hold my purpose till I die.
Sit down again; mark me and understand,
While I have power to speak. I charge you now,
When you shall see her, tell her that I died
Blessing her, praying for her, loving her;
Save for the bar between us, loving her
As when she laid her head beside my own.
And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw
So like her mother, that my latest breath
Was spent in blessing her and praying for her.
And tell my son that I died blessing him.
And say to Philip that I blest him too;
He never meant us any thing but good.

But if my children care to see me dead,
Who hardly knew me living, let them come,
I am their father; but she must not come,
For my dead face would vex her after-life.
And now there is but one of all my blood
Who will embrace me in the world-to-be:
This hair is his: she cut it off and gave it;
And I have borne it with me all these years,
And thought to bear it with me to my grave;
But now my mind is changed, for I shall see him,
My babe in bliss: wherefore when I am gone,
Take, give her this, for it may comfort her:
It will moreover be a token to her,
That I am he."
He ceased; and Miriam Lane
Made such a voluble answer promising all,
That once again he roll'd his eyes upon her
Repeating all he wish'd, and once again
She promised.

Then the third night after this,
While Enoch slumber'd motionless and pale,
And Miriam watch'd and dozed at intervals,
There came so loud a calling of the sea,
That all the houses in the haven rang.
He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad
Crying with a loud voice "A sail! a sail!
I am saved;" and so fell back and spoke no more.

So past the strong heroic soul away.
And when they buried him the little port
Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.

NOTES

1. Long lines of cliff. The reader, in order to understand the description of the scene, must imagine himself on the water outside, opposite the village, and looking towards the land. Opposite him will then be the break caused by the valley so that he will have on either hand a line of cliffs receding in the distance, *i. e.*, two *lines*. Notice the trochaic foot "breaking" which echoes the sense.

Cliff. A precipice. The place is imagined as in southern England. The coast is a line of chalk cliffs with rounded hills behind. Some of these cliffs are of considerable height.

Breaking. *I. e.*, not continuous because broken by the outfall of the river and the small harbour at its mouth.

Chasm. Understand that the valley formed by the river is narrow and with steep sides.

2. Foam. That is, at the end of the valley where it reaches the sea.

Yellow sands. Sea sand is golden yellow in colour.

3. Beyond. That is, beyond the little harbour looking shoreward.

Red roofs. Roofs of the houses covered with red tiles.

Narrow wharf. A wharf is a sort of platform to which ships were moored and on which they could conveniently discharge their cargoes. "Narrow" because the port was small and the ships which frequented it were also small.

4. In cluster. Just at the broader end of the valley, the houses were spread out. Higher up there was no room for more than one street owing to the steepness of the sides of the valley.

Moulder'd church. A church grown grey and weather-beaten from age and exposure. A large proportion of village churches were built by monks before the Reformation in the 16th century.

Higher. A higher ground towards the downs.

5. A long street. See Note on "in cluster" above.

Climbs. Expressing the steepness on the street. The idea suggested is that of the patient labour involved in building on a steep ascent.

Tall-tower'd mill. A prominent feature in old English landscapes was the windmills. These mills were built with high towers in order to catch the wind and also to give room for the long sails to revolve. Each mill had four sails, some twenty feet in length, arranged in the form of a cross. The axle on which these revolved was geared to machinery within, and turned the stones which did the grinding. Such mills have been superseded by those driven by steam or other power, and most of them have disappeared.

6. High in heaven. Rising to meet the sky when seen from the water level. The chalk hills of which the downs are formed rise to a height of several hundred feet.

Grey down. "Down" is the name usually applied to smooth hills covered with little but short grass. From a distance they would appear grey in colour.

7. Danish barrows. Remains of the ancient Danish invasions. A barrow is a small round mound or hillock marking the burial place of a chief or of a body of men.

Hazelwood. The hazel is a shrub bearing a kind of nut of which children are fond. It is not often found in the form of a tree.

8. Autumn nutters. Nutters are those who go to pick the nuts; these ripen in the autumn. Nutting is a favourite boyish amusement.

9. Green. With foliage.

Cuplike hollow. A natural cup-shaped depression of the slope of the downs. The suggestion of "sheltered from the weather" is present.

10. This beach. The beach adjoining the village.

11. Of three houses. Belonging to three different families.

13. Miller. The owner of the mill referred to above.

14. Rough. Understand belonging to a poor and humble family.

Lad. Son.

15. Orphan. His father was drowned at sea.

Winter shipwreck. The winter is the time of storms.

16. Waste and lumber. A general term expressing the old and disused articles of various kinds which are usually to be found in such places.

17. Hard coils of cordage. Ropes and cables of various kinds, usually kept in coils when not in actual use.

Swarthy fishing-nets. Fishing nets are usually steeped in liquid tar, etc., to preserve them from the effects of the water. This gives them a dark brown colour.

18. Anchors of rusty fluke. The anchor is a heavy iron implement which when let down into the water catches in the bottom and thus holds the vessel attached to it by a cable or chain. The flukes are the two ends which stick in the bottom.

Updrawn. Boats are drawn up out of the reach of the waves when not in use.

19. Built their castles. Building imaginary forts with sand is a favourite amusement of children at the sea-side.

Dissolving. Because when the tide rises over them, they are demolished.

20. Overflow'd. By the rising tide.

Following up. The waves cause the water to advance and recede; the children walked out as the edge of the water receded.

21. Flying. As the next wave came they had to run up the beach to avoid getting wet.

White breaker. The curling wave whose upper edge fell over as it advanced and produced *white* foam.

Daily left. The tide rises and falls once in about twelve hours. The children played regularly leaving footprints on the sand.

22. Daily wash'd away. Their footprints were washed away each time the tide rose and covered them.

23. Cave. A hollow place in the cliff.

24. Keeping house. Another favourite amusement of children.

25. Host one day. Acted the part of owner while the other was his guest.

The next. They played turn and turn about.

26. Still was mistress. Always played the part of mistress of the imaginary house.

At times. When he chose to be unfair and assert himself. See line 848.

27. Hold possession. Play the part of master.

30. Stronger-made. When it came to a fight Enoch, as the stronger, always won. See line 854.

32. Helpless wrath of tears. He wept in anger and obvious helplessness.

33. Shriek out. Call out in an angry and shrill voice.

At this. When she heard this.

34. For company. In her sympathy with Philip's sorrow.

35. Pray them. Entreat them.

36. Wife to both. Said in her innocence. Notice the unconscious prophecy; she actually did marry both eventually.

37. Dawn. Early years.

Rosy childhood. The time when the cheeks of children are rosy, *i. e.*, pink in colour. The word always suggests good health in such a connection.

Past. As they grew up.

38. Warmth. Vigour.

Life's ascending sun. The time of childhood and youth is that during which a man is continually growing to greater perfection; just as the day grows brighter as the sun rises higher in the sky.

39. Was felt. When children begin to grow up they become aware of the capacity of love.

Either. Each of the two, *i. e.*, both.

Fixt his heart. Fell in love with. Notice how loyal both ever remained to this first love.

40. Spoke his love. Told Annie plainly that he loved her.

41. Loved in silence. Did not tell Annie of his feeling for her.

42. Seem'd kinder. Only seemed. This is the common practice of women in similar cases. A modest woman does not tell her love if she can avoid it until she is directly asked.

43. Knew it not, etc. Did not realise it, and would have denied it if she had been asked.

44. Set a purpose. Bent all his energies to one end.

45. Evermore. Without ever turning aside from or forgetting his purpose.

Before his eyes. The eyes of his mind or imagination.

46. Hoard. To save money by the strictest economy.

To the uttermost. In every possible way.

47. To purchase. In order to purchase, *i. e.*, buy a boat of his own.

Make a home. The usual expression for taking a house and furnishing it.

48. So prosper'd. Prospered so well that.

50. Carefuller in peril. His boldness was tempered by a wise caution.

Did not breathe. Was not to be found.

51. Leagues. Notice that the measure of distance, the league, is far more frequently used in poetry than in ordinary speech.

Breaker-beaten. Notice that the two members of the compound begin with the same consonant. This is a case of alliteration. The epithet means beaten by the waves, which become breakers as they approach the shore.

52. Served a year. Worked for a year as a sailor. Accusative of measure of time.

53. On board. An idiom; short for "on the board of."

Merchantman. A trading as distinct from a fighting ship.

54. Full sailor. Gained a certificate as an able seaman; one expert in his duties.

Pluck'd a life. Rescued another from drowning.

55. Dread sweep. The terrible rush of water.

Down-streaming. The phrase seems to indicate the peculiar way in which a thing floating in the water in a heavy sea seems to be carried down the slope of a wave. Notice the alliteration of "dread sweep" and "down-streaming"; the line well expresses in its sound the idea conveyed by it.

56. Favourably. As an honourable and brave man.

57. Ere. Before.

He touch'd. Arrived at the age mentioned.

One-and-twentieth. Considered the age of full manhood.

May. It is to be understood that Enoch's birthday was in this month.

58. His own boat. That is, one for himself, not that he bought one already belonging to him.

Made a home. It is a practice with Tennyson, and one which is found from very early times in this class of poetry, to repeat a phrase in this way.

59. Nestlike. Comfortable and convenient, though small.

60. Clamber'd. See line 5 where the same word is employed.

61. Golden. The word suggests both the colour of the leaves of the trees which change in the autumn and also the bright sunniness of the day. The word "golden" is often used for autumn.

Eventide. Evening.

62. Making holiday. Enjoying a holiday.

63. Bag and sack, etc. Anything that will hold the nuts.

64. Went nutting. Went to gather nuts. The nuts when ripe have hard brown shells with a sweet kernel inside, and grow singly or in small clusters of two, three or more. Barcelona nuts which are of a similar kind can be bought at a grocer's in India.

Philip stay'd. To do a kind action.

An hour behind. *I. e.*, he came an hour later.

66. Climb'd. Indicates the labour of walking up the steep hill.

67-8. Prone edge . . . . the hollow. See "Additional Notes."

70. Large grey eyes. The idea is suggested of their being the index of a steady and kind temperament.

Weather-beaten. Brown and red from exposure to the open air.

71. All-kindled. Lit up with love.

Still and sacred. The depth of Enoch's love and his reverence for Annie are indicated. It is no transient passion but fills the man's whole being.

72. Burn'd. Filled his heart and dominated his personality.

On an altar. As a sacred fire in a temple.

73. In their eyes, etc. Saw their deep love and therefore knew that there was no chance for him.

Doom. Fate, *viz.*, to lose the woman of his choice.

74. Drew together. Probably to kiss.

75. Slipt aside. Without their noticing him.

Wounded life. As an animal does when it is wounded.

76. Hollows. The inner and thickest parts of the wood.

Wood. The common name of a piece of woodland of smaller area. When large, it is called a forest.

77. The rest. Others of the party, excluding Enoch and Annie. Notice the feminine ending in the last foot of the line.

Loud. Were shouting and calling out to each other.

78. Dark hour. His period of hard trial.

Past. Went back to his home.

79. Lifelong. Perhaps the word is used a little inadvertently as he married Annie later.

80. These. These two, Annie and Enoch; the two specially conjoined in the preceding paragraph.

Merrily rang. Notice that the word "merrily" occasions one of the few anapæsts in the poem, | ri-ly-ráng |. It is specially used to indicate the joyous sound of the bells.

Bells. Of the village church. See line 4. The bells of churches are often rung on occasions of public rejoicing.

81. Ran the years. The years after marriage passed quickly and happily. The repetition of the word "merrily" enhances the effect.

Seven happy years. Notice the repetition of this phrase also. Repetition is a common way of producing emphasis.

82. Competence. Sufficient means.

84. With children. Children also came to them.

First. The eldest child was a daughter.

Woke. Was aroused.

85. First...first. Emphatically.

Noble wish. The wish was honourable, not the outcome of meanness or niggardliness.

86. Earnings. The line repeats line 46.

87. Bringing-up. Education. Enoch wished to fit them for a higher social position.

88. Renew'd. Confirmed and strengthened.

90. Rosy idol. The meaning is that the mother found her joy in fondling and caressing the rosy pink body of the newly-born child.

Of her solitudes. When she was left alone during Enoch's absence.

91. Abroad. Not at home but out at his work.

Wrathful. Rough and as it were angry.

92. Landward. Inland from the port to sell the fish he had caught.

93. Ocean-spoil. What he caught in the sea.

94. Ocean-smelling osier. Osiers are a peculiar kind of twigs of which baskets are made. The word here stands for baskets. Ocean-smelling means smelling of fish and sea-water. A good instance of how Tennyson gives a pleasant name to an unpleasant object.

95. Rough-redden'd. Notice the alliteration. It equals weather-beaten as in line 70.

A thousand. *I. e.*, a large but indefinite number.

96. Market-cross. To the people who frequented the market. A market in olden times was usually marked by a stone cross.

97. Leafy lanes. The downs are comparatively barren. After crossing them he would come to the more cultivated country and there would be more verdure generally.

98. Portal-warding. Guarding the gates.

Lion-whelp. Figures of young lions placed on the top of the gate-posts.

99. Peacock-yewtree. Trees trimmed to the shape of a peacock. The yewtree lends itself to such treatment better than any other tree.

Lonely Hall. The Hall would be the country-house of some important personage; it is lonely because set in the midst of a large private park.

100. Friday fare. It is the custom in the Roman Church, and in some sections of the Church of England, to observe all Fridays as fast days, when no flesh food but fish is eaten.

Was Enoch's ministering. Was supplied by Enoch regularly.

101. Change. In their fortunes.

All things human. All things in which man is concerned.

102. Narrow port. See note on line 3. Many small ports in England have fallen into disuse because they are not deep enough to float the larger modern ships.

103. Haven. Harbour, port.

105. Clambering. It is not exactly indicated how the accident occurred, but possibly in stepping over a mast lying on the ground.

107. Lifted him. Lifted him up.

108. There. In this larger town, ten miles from home.

109. Bore him. Bore to him; the "him" is a dative case, "son" is the direct object.

Sickly. Feeble and unhealthy.

110. Another hand, etc. Another took up his trade and supplanted him.

Crept. The word indicates that the rival did not do this by strictly honourable means.

Across. Signifying interference with and opposition.

111. Taking her bread. Making it impossible for Enoch to earn enough to keep his family in comfort. It is suggested that Annie did his work until Enoch recovered.

112. Staid. Steady and one not easily disturbed or thrown off his balance. Enoch is excused his despondency because of his illness.

113. Thus inactive. Owing to his accident which made him unable to work.

Doubt and gloom. Subject of "fell."

114-15. He seemed...to see. He imagined.

114. Nightmare. An unpleasant oppressive dream usually due to indigestion.

115. Leading. Passing.

Evermore. For ever afterwards.

116. Hand-to-mouth. An idiomatic phrase meaning to consume whatever is earned as fast as it is earned and so to be unable to make any provision for times of scarcity.

117. Beggar. Dependent upon the charity of others.

119. Master. Captain or commander.

That ship. See lines 52, 53.

120. Mischance. Hearing of his unfortunate accident.

121. Valued him. Knew him as a worthy and honest man.

122. Reporting. Saying that his ship was.

China-bound. About to sail for China.

123. Wanting yet. To complete the crew.

Boatswain. An inferior officer on a ship. The word is usually pronounced "bosen."

125. Have the place. Accept the post.

All at once. Eagerly, as the solution of his difficulty and anxiety. It is suggested that under ordinary circumstances he would have been more cautious.

128. Shadow of mischance. The accident and the consequent anxiety.

129. No graver. No more serious a matter. The explanation is given in lines 141-147.

130. Cuts off, etc. Cuts off the light of the sun. Spreads a shadow.

Fiery highway. The line of rays which the clouds make visible.

131. Isles a light. Forms a little island or patch of light. This would be formed by the light of the sun passing through a break in the clouds; all around would be shadow.

Offing. Far out over the water.

Yet the wife. The sentences are unfinished. Enoch slowly deliberates what shall be done.

132. What to do. The Infinitive is the Future Passive. "What should be done."

133. Lay. He was still on his sick-bed.

134. Her. The boat. A ship or boat is usually spoken of as of the feminine gender.

135. Weather'd. Passed safely through or across.

136. Knew her. Knew just how the boat would behave in any sort of weather.

137. Yet to sell her. The sentence is not completed; it is indicated that to sell his beloved boat would be a hard thing to do.

Brought. Fetched; what was received for the boat when sold.

138. Goods and stores. The two words mean much the same thing.

Set Annie forth, etc. Fit up and stock a shop for her to manage.

139. Their wives. Add "needed."

140. Keep the house. Keep the home together.

141. Trade himself. In the old days the officers of a ship were often allowed to do a little private trading.

Out yonder. In China, whither they were bound.

Go this voyage. Make the voyage. Voyage is a cognate accusative, *i. e.*, a word of similar meaning to the verb to which it is appended as object.

142. Yea. Yes. The decision to take the course which suggests itself to him.

143. Last. At last.

144. Master. Owner.

Craft. Boat or ship, a general term.

145. Fuller profits. As the result of bigger trading operations.

Easier. Less laborious.

147. Among his own. With no more dangerous voyages or fishing expeditions.

148. In his heart. Without consulting anyone.

Determined all. It is suggested that Enoch took some time to think out his plans.

149. Moving homeward. On recovery from his accident.

Pale. The adjective is appositive. Pale with anxiety, work and his recent illness.

150. Her latest born. See line 109.

151. Forward she started. With joy at seeing him after his long absence. She had not been able even to visit him.

154. Appraised his weight. Made a guess at the child's weight.

Fondled father-like. Caressed with a father's affection.

155. Had no heart. Had not the courage or wish to hurt Annie's feelings at such a moment.

Break his purposes. To tell her what he had resolved to do. "To break" means to tell gently and by degrees.

157. Golden ring. It is the custom in England for the man to put a gold ring on the third finger of the woman's left hand when he is married to her.

Girt. To go round, to put round.

158. Fought against his will. Opposed his resolution.

159. Not with brawling opposition. Not angrily or with noisy blame and recrimination.

160. Manifold entreaties. Begged him often and for many reasons to alter his mind.

161. Renew'd. Repeated.

162. All evil. Annie's presentiment of evil is very strong, and she altogether dislikes the plan.

163. Besought him, supplicating. The two words mean almost one and the same thing; the idea is emphasised and presented as a repeated act.

165. Caring. Notice the trochee. The emphasis on "her" is increased by the employment of the trochee here.

166. Her. The word is repeated and therefore emphasised.

167. Grieving held his will. Adhered to his purpose although it was a grief to him thus to oppose Annie's wishes.

Bore it thro'. Remained steadfast in his resolve.

168. Sea-friend. His boat. See line 134.

169. Goods and stores. See line 138.

Set his hand. Employed himself busily in.

170. Streetward. Facing the street; whose windows looked on the street. See line 60.

Sitting-room. The room in which the family usually assembled.

171. Corner. Cupboards made to fit the corners of the room.

Goods and stores. See lines 138 and 169.

172. All day long...last at home. Each day until the evening of the day before he departed.

173. Shaking. With his movements, hammerings, etc.

Pretty cabin. A cabin is a small room or a small house. The name is often applied to the small rooms on a ship which are usually closely fitted up with conveniences. There is present a suggestion of Enoch's calling as a seaman as well as of the smallness of the house.

174. Auger. A tool for making holes in wood.

Seem'd to hear. Imagined that she could hear.

175. Death-scaffold. When a prisoner is condemned to death a scaffold is erected within the prison bounds, and on this the prisoner is executed. He can hear the preparations.

Raising. Being raised. The present participle used passively.

Shrill'd. Describes the noise of the sawing. The word is intended to imitate the actual sound.

Rang. With the noise of the blows of axe and hammer.

176. This. The antecedent is the fitting up of the shop.

Ended. Completed.

Careful. The word indicates not merely his skilful work but the love which induced it.

177. Space. See Note on line 173.

Narrow. Small, as in a cabin on a ship.

Order'd all. Put everything in complete order.

178. Neat and close. Adverbs.

As Nature packs, etc. As closely and neatly as Nature encloses seeds or buds in their coverings.

179. Paused. Stopped work. The word suggests that he looked round to see if there was anything more he could do. No other word would have done this.

180. Needs would, etc. His loving anxiety kept him busy until the last moment.

181. Ascending. Going up the staircase to the room above.

Heavily slept. The thought that he was quite tired out is indicated; so tired was he that he slept heavily when it might have been supposed that he would hardly sleep at all. Notice the trochee in the third foot which enhances the effect of the words.

182. Faced. Behaved bravely throughout.

Morning of farewell. This sad morning when he must bid farewell to those he loved.

183. His Annie's fears. Fears of what may happen to him and to her while he is away.

184. Save, as his Annie's. Except that he sympathised with every feeling and wish of Annie's because of his love for her. Notice how condensed and yet how clear the expression is.

A laughter. A subject for laughter. The idea that Enoch felt more than he allowed himself to express is still preserved.

185. God-fearing. Religious.

186. Bow'd himself down. Prayed, resting on his knees. This is the usual attitude of prayer among Christians.

That mystery where. Read "that mysterious union wherein."

187. God-in-man. What is divine in human nature, *i. e.*, the surrender of the self to God.

Is one. Brings man into union with.

Man-in-God. That in God which responds to man's personality.

188. Babes. *I. e.*, children. The word "babes" is used to indicate their helplessness and need of divine protection.

189. Whatever came. Whatever might happen.

190. Voyage. That he was about to take.

Grace. Favour and assistance.

191. Fair weather. Better times. Would result in greater happiness.

192. Clean hearth. The hearth on which the fire burns needs to be continually swept. The expression therefore is an exhortation to Annie to keep the home neat and tidy for him.

Clear fire. A bright fire. The bright fire suggests a warm welcome back to his home. Notice the alliteration "clean", "clear."

193. Before you know it. Before you even expect me.

194. Rocking. Causing to swim from side to side.

195. Puny. Small and delicate. The strength of Enoch's character is suggested by his obvious fondness for the weakly infant. See next line.

196. Nay. He does not wish Annie to think that in calling the child puny he loves it any the less.

For it. For his weakness.

198. Foreign parts. Foreign countries.

200. Come. A word of exhortation. It should be parsed as an interjection, as it has no definite meaning.

201. Running on. Speaking freely and with a careless air.

202. Hoped herself. Her husband's hopefulness infected Annie, until she almost came to be as hopeful as he.

203. The current of his talk. The matter and manner of his speech.

204. In sailor fashion. In the simple homely fashion he could alone employ.

Roughly sermonising. Speaking in the way a preacher of religion would speak.

205. Providence. God's love and care.

Heaven. The abode of God and here used for God himself.

206. Heard and not heard him. She heard what he said but was so absorbed in her own thoughts, that its meaning failed to reach her. Notice the repetition.

As the village girl, etc. The village girl, thinking of her lover, fails to notice that the pitcher into which water is flowing is full and running over.

207. Pitcher. A vessel; strictly one with a handle and a spout, but here the word is better taken generally.

Underneath. To catch the fall of water from a pipe.

Spring. A spring or fountain of water.

208. Musing on. Thinking about.

Used to fill it. "It" is the "pitcher." The lover is now absent.

209. Hears and not hears. As the pitcher fills the noise of the falling water changes. This should be enough to tell her the pitcher is full, but she is too absorbed in her own thoughts.

210. You are wise. Notice that throughout Annie treats her husband with respect and deference although she does not agree with him.

211. For all your wisdom. In spite of your wisdom and better knowledge, I feel I am right.

212. I shall look......no more. The unconscious prophecies are fulfilled. Enoch does see his wife again but Annie does not see him again.

Shall look upon. He is thinking that the ship in which he sails must pass in view of his home. The phrase is almost certainly suggested by words of St. Paul found in *Acts* xx. 38. The Ephesians sorrowed "most of all for the words which he had spoken, that they should see his face no more."

215. Named. Told her the exact date.

Get you. The "you" here is a dative of interest; "get for yourself."

Seaman's glass. A telescope such as seamen use.

216. Spy out. Look carefully so as to distinguish Enoch's face.

Laugh at all your fears. By seeing him again she would see for herself that her presentiments were false and therefore to be treated lightly.

217. Last of those last. Notice the phrase.

218. Be comforted. Take comfort and look forward with hope.

219. Babes. See note on line 188.

220. Shipshape. A nautical phrase, meaning in neat order.

222. Cast all your cares on God. See Bible, *1 Peter*, v. 7. "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."

That anchor holds. This is the sure ground of human confidence. There is no fear that such an anchor will slip and let life go to wreck.

223. Is He not yonder, etc.? Shall I by going to China, be outside His love. Will He not be there too? The words are

an adaptation of *Psalm*, CXXXIX, 7, 9. "Whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me."

224. Parts of the morning. To the farthest East.

226. The sea is His. "The sea is His and he made it. His hands prepared the dry land." *Psalm* XCV, 5. Notice the repetition; it makes us feel the faith of Enoch and his comfort in the words. Incidentally the words show that Enoch was regular in his religious observances as the words are found in the regular services of the Church.

228. Cast his arms. Clasped in his arms.

Drooping. Sorrowing and dejected, and showing this in her attitude.

229. Wonder-stricken. They were old enough to see that something serious was taking place, but not old enough to understand.

231. Feverous wakefulness. Had not slept properly owing to his ill health. The idea intended is broken sleep. Notice the form of the word "feverous" for "feverish," the common word.

232. Raised him. Lifted him from the cradle; this would have waked him.

233. How should, etc. It is unnecessary because he is too young to remember anything.

234. Cot. A bed for a child; see line 194.

235. Clipt. *I. e.*, with scissors.

236. Gave it. The curl is mentioned again in line 894.

237. Caught. Caught up, took up from where it was lying ready.

238. His bundle. The package containing his clothing, etc.

Waved his hand. In token of farewell. Understand that he did this after he had gone some little distance.

239. The day. See line 215.

241. Fix the glass. A telescope must be drawn to the right focal length before one can see clearly with it. Annie was too disturbed to do it.

242. Dim......tremulous. The eye with tears, the hand with grief.

244. The moment......past. The opportunity was lost and the ship passed on into the distance.

245. Ev'n to the last dip, etc. The moment when the last bit of visible sail goes below the horizon. The highest parts of a ship are last visible as it sails away, owing to the curvature of the earth's surface.

246. Departed. Went home. We must understand that she had gone to some point, whence she could get a good view of the sea.

247. As his grave. As if he were dead.

248. Set her sad will, etc. In spite of her grief she set herself to carry out Enoch's wishes.

To chime with. To accord or harmonise with. A chime is a fixed method of ringing bells together as in a clock tower.

249. Throve not. Met with no success.

Not being bred to barter. Having had no training in the usual methods of shop-keepers.

250. Nor compensating, etc. Not making up for her want of training by any exercise of native shrewdness. Scan "compénsating."

251. Capable of lies. The poet seems to suggest that this accomplishment is essential to success in shop-keeping.

252. Asking overmuch. Asking much more than the value, in the hope that a profitable sale will eventually be effected.

253. Still foreboding. Realising that she was making a mistake and always thinking that Enoch would blame her.

255. Wares. Goods.

257. Fail'd. To make the shop a success. The word must not be taken to mean "went bankrupt" or as we say "failed."

258. That news. News of her husband's return.

259. Her own. Her children.

260. Silent. Uncomplaining. She did not tell others of her grief.

262-63. Cared...a mother's care. There was no neglect; the mother did all that a mother, and only a mother, could do.

264. Her business. She much needs attend to her customers.

265. What it needed most. Good and nourishing food such as Annie in her poverty could not give it.

266. The voice. The voice of the doctor who would have prescribed proper medicine.

268. After a lingering. After lingering for some time.

269. Like the caged bird, etc. A simile illustrating the previous sentence. Put the stress on "bird"; by length the foot is a spondee.

270. Flitted away. Flew lightly away as a bird. The image is very suitable to express the passing away of an infant's soul. The foot "flitted" is a trochee. Notice how beautifully the rhythm echoes the sense.

272. Philip's true heart. Philip remained faithful to his first love and that in the best way. His generosity is always apparent.

Hunger'd for her peace. Greatly desired Annie's happiness.

273. Not look'd upon her. Had kept away in order not to rouse gossip.

274. Smote him. He felt repentance for what now seemed to be unkindness.

Aloof. Apart from.

275. I may see her. No one can blame me if I visit her.

277. Solitary room. Finding no one in it. He entered by the street door.

278. Inner door. The door leading to the room behind the shop.

279. Struck it. It is considered a breach of good manners to enter a house or a room without first knocking the door to warn those within.

No one opening. From inside; he therefore opened it himself.

280. With her grief. With her mind filled with her grief.

281. Fresh from the burial. She had but just returned from burying her baby in the churchyard.

283. Toward the wall. This seems to be a reminiscence of a Biblical phrase, *II Kings* xx. 2. The movement indicates great grief and a desire to be alone.

284. Standing up. He could not sit down until he was asked, and Annie did not speak.

Falteringly. His desire to help and his sympathy are indicated. The matter was one of deep moment to him.

285. A favour. Philip makes his request in the form most likely to produce a favourable answer. Notice his delicacy and consideration for Annie's feelings throughout.

286. Passion. Deep feeling and sense of despair.
Moan'd. Spoken in a moaning voice.

288. Abash'd him. Made it difficult for him to go on with what he had to say.
Unask'd. Annie had still not asked him to sit down, and he did not know whether she wished him to stay or not.

289. At war. Opposed to one another. His bashfulness suggested his departure, his tenderness urged him to stay.

290. Set himself. Seated himself.

292. Ever said. Always said, to himself and probably to others.

293. Among us. By "us" understand the men of the village including Philip.

294. Where he fixt his heart, etc. What he determined to do that he did.

296. Wherefore? Why? See the Introduction.
Weary way. Long journey of wearisome length and causing weariness in those who waited for his return. Notice how the lines here are composed of short words.

298. Wherewithal. What is necessary.

299. Bringing up. See lines 87, 88.

302. Morning hours. The early years of his children.
Lost. Wasted in idleness when they should be at school.

304. Running wild. Receiving no training but growing up as they pleased.

305. Colts. Young horses.
About the waste. In the moors or in the forests.
Now—. This indicates Philip's hesitancy.

306. Have we not known, etc.? Philip pleads the privilege of long friendship as a reason for what he is going to propose.

308. Not to say me nay. Not to give "No" for an answer.

310. If you will. He really means that he would rather not be repaid, but he leaves the decision to Annie.

312. Put to school. Educate and pay the expenses.

314. Brows. Forehead. She has turned her face away. See l. 283.

315. Look in the face. Meet his glance. See l. 318. It is suggested that she had a proper pride and was humbled by her

failure. See ll. 253 and 257. There is no definite indication that she suspected that Philip loved her.

316. Broken down. Prostrated with grief.

318. Breaks me down. Overwhelms. Her feelings are beyond control.

319. Enoch lives. Referring to Philip's statement in l. 303.

Borne in on me. She has a strong conviction which she cannot throw off.

324. There. On this; at this point in their conversation.

325. Swimming. Full of tears.

326. Dwelt. Looked steadily at him.

328. Caught at. Took hold of impulsively.

Wrung. Pressed it, as in a hand-shake.

329. Garth. The small yard or garden at the back of the house. Old English *geard*, an enclosure. This is one of the old words which Tennyson has again made popular.

330. So. "Then," with a suggestion of "therefore."

Lifted up in spirit. Elated at the success of his errand. The phrase is common in the Bible, being used of exaltation of thankfulness or of pride.

Spirit. This word, like "heaven" is usually to be read as a monosyllable in poetry.

332. Everyway. In every possible way.

333. Does his duty by. Notice the preposition; it is idiomatic but peculiar.

His own. His own family.

334. Made himself theirs. Was entirely at their disposal.

For Annie's sake. For the sake of Annie's reputation.

335. Lazy gossip. The idle talk of idle people.

336. Denied his heart. Refused to satisfy.

337. Crost her threshold. Entered her house. The threshold is the cross-piece of the door frame which rests on the ground.

339. Late and early. Those blooming late and early in the year, *i. e.*, whenever he had any.

Roses. Blossoms of the rose.

340. Conies. Rabbits, common in England, and living in holes burrowed in the ground. They are a common food.

341. With some pretext. There were some presents that he could make and others that he could not without causing

Annie to think he was helping to support her. He therefore had to make some sort of excuse for sending her meal.

Of fineness in the meal. Of the meal being of a particularly fine quality, well ground.

342. Save the offence. Annie would have resented the idea of being dependent upon his charity. Philip's fine tact is everywhere visible.

343. Tall mill. See line 5.

Whistled. To represent the noise the wind made in passing through the sails and also the noise made by the sails when revolving rapidly.

Waste. The uncultivated down whereon the mill was situated. Notice the alliteration "whistled" and "waste."

344. Did not fathom. Did not understand. "To fathom" means "to ascertain the depth of water, etc." It means that Philip, owing to Annie's poor capacity of speech, did not know how grateful she really was.

345. Came upon. Chanced to meet.

347. Light on. Find or think of.

Broken word. Even a half-finished, uncompleted sentence.

348. But. In spite of his inability to understand Annie and her apparent coldness.

All-in-all. Everything to them.

349. Distant corners. When he or they turned a corner in the distance and they caught sight of him. The love of the children for Philip was even greater than that of ordinary children for their father. The peculiar loveableness of Philip is suggested.

350. Greet his welcome. To return his greeting.

Hearty...heartily. A common device of Tennyson is to use words in this way.

351. Lords of his house. Did what they liked in it, and even Philip did as they wished.

Mill. It is to be understood that Philip's mill was high up on the downs, while his house was in the village.

352. Worried. They worried, *i. e.*, filled his ear; told him all their small concerns.

Passive. Suffering. Philip was forced to listen and did so kindly and patiently.

353. Hung upon him. Clung to him, sat on his lap, etc.

354-5. Philip gain'd as Enoch lost. They grew more and more fond of Philip and gradually forgot their father.

356. Uncertain. They had but a dim memory of him. What is dim is uncertain.

357. Faint. Indistinctly seen.

Figure. Of a man.

Early dawn. When there is little light.

358. Avenue. A path or road bordered by a row of trees on each side. It is difficult not to think that the lines were written where Tennyson had such a scene directly before him. The simile is very appropriate and yet one not likely to be thought of.

360. Hearth. Home.

361. Fled forward. Passed by. The poet seems to wish to say that the years passed quickly, but there is nothing else to make a reader think so.

362. Long'd. Wished. The stronger word is used because of the eagerness of the children.

363. Nutting. See lines 61-64.

364. Would. Past tense of "will" and equivalent to "decided to", on their petition.

366. Working bee. Those which gather honey. Drones, the male bees, do not.

Blossom-dust. The yellow pollen of flowers which adheres to the bees when they enter the flowers.

367. Blanch'd with his mill. His clothes all white with flour floating about as fine dust within the mill.

368. Denied. Refused to go.

369. Pluck'd at him. Pulled him by his coat as they continued to ask him.

371. For was not. The thing that really decided him; it was not actually mentioned.

372. Scaling. Climbing up. Whenever the downs are mentioned, the steepness of the ascent is emphasised.

Half. Half way up.

Weary down. A case of transferred epithet. It is not the down but those who climb up who are weary.

373. Prone edge. See ll. 67 and 68. The repetition is designed to recall the similar scene when Enoch proposed to Annie seven years before.

374. Force. Strength. The idea suggested is that Annie's privations and hard labour were beginning to tell on her.

376. Well-content. Quite happy to be alone with her.

377. Jubilant. Joyful.

378. Broke from. Left them and entered the hazelwood.

379. Down thro'. The hazelwood was in a cup-shaped hollow, lowest in the centre.

Whitening. The word seems to refer to the lighter colour of the underside of the leaf or to the colour of the clusters of nuts which grow pale as the nuts ripen. It may possibly mean the colour of the leaves as looked at from below towards the light; they would then appear more pale in colour. It is very probable that Tennyson is thinking of some peculiar phenomenon which he had noticed.

Made a plunge. When hastily down, thinking that they would find more nuts in the deeper recesses of the wood.

380. Dispersed. Scattered about, each going his own way.

Bent or broke. In their efforts to reach the nuts growing at the end of the twigs.

381. Lithe. Pliant and tough.

Reluctant. The rigidity of the branches was such that force was needed to bend them down. The word suggests a conscious opposition on the part of the branches.

Tear away. Descriptive of the eager, careless manner in which the children plucked the nuts.

382. Tawny. Brown, of a light shade.

Crying to each other. Calling out to each other, *i. e.*, the children.

384-5. Forgot her presence. Being absorbed in the memory of the former nutting expedition. See ll. 68–79.

385. One dark hour. Repeated from l. 78.

387. Into the shadow. A physical fact and suggestive of his grief.

388. Lifting, etc. Looking up.

Honest forehead. The forehead of an honest man. His character was known from his face.

389. Merry they are. An anapæst.

391. Face had fall'n. In her fatigue and at the sad memory of the past.

392. Kind of anger. Philip saw Annie's condition and was getting impatient with the situation. He begins to think

that Annie's faithfulness to her husband's memory is exceeding reasonable bounds.

393. The ship was lost. The ship in which Enoch sailed. The words show what his thoughts had been. See previous Note.

394. No more of that! His compassion for Annie's hard life makes him insist that things must be changed.

395. Quite. Altogether, *i. e.*, motherless as well as fatherless.

396. Thought not of it. Had not considered the matter from this point of view.

397. So solitary. The voices of the children, calling up her own girlish experiences and her marriage, aroused feelings of loneliness.

398. Somewhat closer. Indicating that what he had to say had intimate relation to them both.

399. A thing, etc. Something he had to say.

400. So long. He cannot get rid of it.

401. When it first came. It has been slowly growing during the years of waiting.

402. Will out. Will force me to speak of it openly.

403. Against all chance. Beyond all probability.

404. Long years. Years which had seemed long to them both.

405. Well then. If that is so as we both assume.

408. Women are so quick. Philip is half afraid to go on lest he should offend Annie, and suggests that she must know without his speaking out plainly. In such matters women often understand quicker than men.

409. Would have you know. Wish you to know.

410. Wish you. Desire you. Annie does not understand him until he speaks out. She had been too absorbed in her grief to do, what many women would have done.

I fain, etc. I wish to prove myself a true father.

411. Do think. The "do" is emphatic.

413. As if .....mine own. As if I was their real father.

414. Fast. Actually and for good; firmly bound to him by marriage. English law allows remarriage after a husband has been absent seven years and no news of him has been received.

415. Uncertain. Years of anxious waiting.

418. Well-to-do. Well off; in comfortable circumstances.
No kin. No relations of his own.
No care. His business is sound and flourishing.

419. No burthen. He has no others to support and no debts to pay.
Save. Except.

421. Than you know. She could only begin to suspect his love after he began to help her.

422. Tenderly. Wishing to hurt his feelings no more than she could avoid.

423. God's good angel. The Christian idea is that each man and woman is protected by a guardian angel, a spiritual being carrying out the loving will of God. Philip had been such a protector of Annie and her children.

425. Something happier. A woman with no such trouble as Annie's.

426. Can one love twice? Can a woman who has lost the husband she loves, love another man with an equal love?

429. A little after Enoch. "If you love me less than you loved Enoch, but still truly love me."

430. Scared. The idea came as a shock to Annie who had remained faithful to Enoch's memory.

431. Will not come. Her hope of his return is fading away.

432. So long. So very long.

433. I shall be wiser. Know better than now. Enoch's fate may be learned within that time.

435. All my life. He had never married.

436. Wait a little. A little longer.

437. I am bound. I have given you a promise which I cannot break.
In a year. To marry you in a year's time, if no news of Enoch comes.

438. Bide your year. Wait for a year without seeing each other.

440. Here. At this point in their conversation.
Mute. Fell silent.

441. Dead flame. The red light of sunset.

442. Pass from. Disappear from.
Danish barrow. See line 7.

443. Fearing chill. Lest in her delicate health she should catch a chill.

444. Sent his voice. **Called in a voice to be heard all over the wood in the hollow below him.**

445. Their spoil. **The nuts.**

446. The port. **The village.**

447. Gave his hand. **Shook hands with Annie.**

449. Your hour of weakness. **You were not in a condition to consider my proposal and I took an unfair advantage.**

450. You are free. **I release you from your promise.**

451. I am bound. **She refuses to be released.**

452. In one moment. **So quickly the year appointed passed by.**

453. About her household ways. **Busy in her accustomed round of work.**

454. Ev'n as she dwelt, etc. **At the moment when she was thinking of the last words he had spoken to her.**

456. Autumn into autumn flash'd again. **The year had passed as quickly as a flash.**

458. Claiming her promise. **Asking her to fulfil her promise.**

460. Put him off. **Found excuses for not complying with his request. The half-finished sentences show her indecision and reluctance.**

461. To look to. **To arrange for.**

Such a change. **In her condition and position; she would want time to prepare for it.**

462. Give her a month. **Her request. "Give me a month," *i. e.*, let me wait a month longer.**

464. Full of that lifelong hunger. **Expressing the love he had felt for so many years. See line 79.**

465. Shaking. **With disappointment.**

466. Take your own time. **Philip is always considerate. The phrase is common, meaning, "do it when you wish."**

467. Could have wept. **If she had not wished to conceal her feeling.**

468. Held him on. **Kept him waiting.**

469. Scarce-believable excuse. **Excuses which could hardly be treated as serious or reasonable.**

470. Trying his truth. **Testing the reality of his love.**

Long-sufferance. **Patience. The trying does not seem to have been the result of any doubt in Annie's mind, but of the delay.**

472. By this. By this time.

Lazy gossips. Idle scandal-mongers and chatterers.

473. Abhorrent of, etc. Disliking the falsification of their confident expectation, *viz.*, that Philip and Annie would marry.

Crost. Thwarted or contradicted.

474. Chafe. To become impatient, to be vexed.

Personal wrong. A wrong done to themselves.

475. Did but trifle with her. Was amusing himself and did not seriously intend to marry Annie.

476. Held off, etc. Put him off to make him more persistent.

478. Simple. Here almost equivalent to "silly."

479. One. But one. Not many who knew them could think as this one.

Evil fancies. Suspicion of evil things.

Clung. The suggestion is that such a one's thoughts are naturally evil and grow one out of another.

480. Serpent eggs. The eggs of snakes are stuck together in a long string. Mention of serpents suggests their poisonous bites.

481. Worse. Illicit intercourse.

482. Look'd his wish. Showed by his glance and manner that he wanted his mother to marry Philip.

483. Evermore. Continually. Tennyson is rather fond of this word, perhaps because of its musical sound.

Prest upon her. Urged her openly.

485. Lift. Raise. Philip was well off and the daughter found their poverty hard to bear.

486. Contracting, etc. Grew thin with waiting and anxiety.

487. Wan. Pale.

Fell on her. Affected her.

489. Sharp as reproach. She felt them to be sharp reproaches.

491. A sign. Something supernatural which would convince her that Enoch was dead.

492. Compass'd round. Encompassed, surrounded.

Blind wall of night. The complete darkness of her bed-room.

493. Brook'd not. Could not bear.

Expectant terror. Her superstition was such that she really thought something terrible would appear in answer to her prayer.

494. Started from bed. Suddenly and quickly got up from her bed.

Struck a light. With a flint and steel by means of which tinder was set aglow, and sulphur matches ignited. The sparks were produced by striking the flint and the steel together.

495. Desperately. She could bear the suspense and doubt no longer.

The holy Book. The Bible. In Puritan homes especially the Bible is counted very sacred.

496. Set it wide. Opened it widely and at random.

To find a sign. She treats the Bible as a sort of oracle, putting her finger down without deliberation, and hoping that the text on which it falls will express God's reply to her desire for guidance. The practice has been known to more than one religion. It is seldom met with now.

497. Suddenly. Making the action as little deliberate as possible.

The text. The phrase, "Under the palmtree" (*Judges*, IV. 5). The word text is the regular name for the small numbered divisions into which some editors have divided the chapters.

498. That was nothing to her. She was unable to attach any particular significance to the words.

499. Slept. Being somewhat comforted at having done something.

500. When, lo! She dreamed.

Height. A small hill. Enoch was literally doing what she saw, or at least the poet wishes to suggest this.

502. He is gone. He is dead.

She thought. As a religious woman her ideas of palm-trees were associated with heaven, wherein the saints departed are depicted as clothed in white robes with palms in their hands. With this she mingles Christ's entry into Jerusalem when the people strewed palm-branches before him. See *Mark* xi. 8-10.

Singing. In praise of God.

503. Hosanna in the highest. See *Mark* xi. 10. Hosanna is a Hebrew word meaning "Save now."

Yonder. Her dream impressions. She makes the sun a symbol of God.

504. Sun of Righteousness. A title of God among the Jews.

505. Happy people, etc. Welcomed Christ to Jerusalem as the expected Messiah. The Jews were a subject nation for many centuries but tenaciously held the belief that there would arise one who should restore their ancient glory. They welcomed Christ as this Messiah, but soon turned from Him when He told them that His kingdom was not of this world, but was a moral and spiritual kingdom.

Strowing. Spreading, scattering.

506. Here. At this point. The student should remember that local and temporal prepositions or adverbs are freely interchanged in many languages.

507. Resolved. Made up her mind.

Wildly. As having made up her mind to discard all further care and thought on the matter. She cannot rid herself really of the presentiment that Enoch is alive.

508. No reason. Enoch is believed to be dead.

510. So you will. If you will. If it be the case that you will.

511. So. In accordance with what they had said. Notice the repetition of l. 80.

Merrily. Notice the subtle change in the metre, the first two "merrilys" help to form light anapæstic feet. In the third the stress falls on the first and last syllables of the word making it drag as it were. This accords with the sentiment expressed.

514. A footstep, etc. Imagination; the effect of her thought that Enoch might yet return.

515. A whisper. As of Enoch's voice. Annie was a woman specially liable to this sort of thing.

516. Loved. Liked. The word is probably employed for the sake of the softer sound.

517. Ventured out. Went out away from home.

518. What ail'd her? What was in her mind that, etc.

519. Dwelt lingeringly, etc. Her hand was raised to the latch of the door but she did not at once open it. The reason was that she was afraid Enoch might have returned while she had been out. Annie's fear was that she should find herself married to two men at once.

520. Thought he knew. He ascribed her behaviour to the fact that Annie was with child and therefore a bit nervous and fanciful. He did not *really* know, and Annie did not wish to make him unhappy by telling him.

521. State. Of pregnancy.

523. Herself renew'd. The birth of the child gave her new life and spirit and abolished the presentiment of Enoch's return, which hung like a cloud over Annie's life.

524. New mother. All the interests which a baby awakens in the heart of a mother.

525. All-in-all. She learnt to love Philip as he deserved to be loved.

526. Mysterious instinct. That Enoch was alive. She naturally forgot him more quickly, when new interests claimed her attention.

527. From this to the end Enoch fills the story.

Prosperously. Had a favourable voyage.

528. Good Fortune. The name of the ship.

529. The Biscay. The Bay of Biscay. The Bay is specially bad for ships because the westerly winds of the Atlantic produce heavy waves on the eastern side and ships going southward, being more or less broadside as to these waves, roll very badly.

Ridging eastward. With great waves moving eastward. See last Note.

530. Unvext. Not untroubled, but unhurt; with no serious damage.

531. Slipt. Passed smoothly.

Across the summer of the world. Across the tropics which are always warm. Borne along by the Atlantic trade winds. See l. 534 below.

532. Long tumble about the Cape. Stormy weather is usually met with as a ship passes round the Cape of Good Hope. The tumbling refers to the motion of the ship. Scan the line :—

Then áfter a lóng túmble abóut the Cápe.

The metre then illustrates the motion.

533. Of foul and fair. Of good and bad weather.

534. Passing thro'. The tropical region of the Indian Ocean.

535. The breath of heaven, etc. The poet means the steady trade wind of the South West Monsoon.

536. Sweetly. In an easy manner.

The golden isles. The islands near the Malay Peninsula. They were formerly known as the Golden Chersonese.

537. Silent. Having come to rest.

Oriental haven. A Chinese port in the Far East. See l. 122.

538. Traded for himself. Did some trading on his own account.

539. Quaint monsters. Things of curious shape, images, etc.

Those times. When such things excited more curiosity than they do now. They fetched a good price in the home market.

540. A gilded dragon. The dragon is a mythical animal with wings and is the national symbol of China.

For the babes. A homely little touch.

541. Less lucky. Add "was."

542. Fair sea-circle. A ship is surrounded by a circular horizon; the diameter of this is taken as a measure of length, and the ship sailed through many such spaces without meeting with rough weather.

543. Scarce-rocking. The sea was so smooth that the ship sailed steadily or with no swaying motion.

Full-busted figure-head. The old wooden ships usually had a carved figure of a woman on the bows. "Full-busted" means the upper portion of a well developed body.

544. Stared. Looked out; "stared" because the painted eyes were fixed.

Ripple. The wave caused by the ship's motion.

Feathering. A small jet of water is thrown up on either side when the ship moves fast enough.

545. Calms. When there was not wind enough to move the ship.

546. Baffling. Blowing from the opposite direction so that no head way is made.

Course. Succession.

547. Under moonless heavens. The sky was persistently overcast so that the latitude could not be determined and they did not know where they were.

548. Hard upon, etc. No sooner was the cry of "Breakers ahead" heard, than the ship was felt to strike the rock, and was totally wrecked. The cry is the signal to change the direction of the ship.

549. All, etc. All the crew except Enoch and two others.

551. Buoy'd upon. Floating upon, held up by.

Tackle. Articles from the ship that would float.

Broken spars. Poles or sailyards, broken by the storm and by the sudden impact on the rock.

552. Standing. Thrown up on the beach.

553. Rich. That is, fertile, abounding in vegetable growth. The exact position of the island is not specified but we may understand somewhere in the southern Indian Ocean.

Lonely sea. A sea is said to be lonely when it lies out of the usual tracks of ships.

554. Human sustenance. Food or edibles.

555. Fruitage. Kinds of fruit. The termination makes the noun collective; see "cordage."

Mighty nuts. Cocoanuts which appear very large to a European, whose nuts are small. "Nut" is the name given to those fruits which have a hard shell and a white kernel.

Roots. Those plants of which the edible part is underground.

556. Nor save for pity. If it were not that one pitied them and therefore did not wish to harm them, it would have been easy to catch them.

557. Helpless life. The lives of the helpless creatures. The animals on such islands are nearly always of an inoffensive kind.

So wild that it was tame. So unaccustomed to the sight of man that they had no fear of him. Notice the oxymoron, *i. e.*, the apparent contrary character of the epithets.

558. Seaward-gazing. Looking towards, *i. e.*, facing the sea.

Mountain gorge. Mountain valley or ravine.

559. Leaves of palm. Palms grow naturally only in tropical and sub-tropical countries. See "nuts" in l. 555.

560. Half hut, half native cavern. They took advantage of a natural cavern and enlarged it by building a hut over the mouth of it.

561. Set. Placed.

Eden. The district in which was situated the garden in which God placed the first-created man and woman. See *Genesis* II. 8. The word has come to be synonymous with a garden of great beauty.

All plenteousness. Producing every needed food in profusion.

562. Eternal summer. In the tropics it is summer all the year round.

Ill-content. Notice the opposition of this to the idea of summer.

563. The youngest. Of the crew.

564. That night. When the ship was wrecked.

565. Lay. Could not walk, bed-ridden.

Death-in-life. A life which was but a living death. He could do nothing.

567. A fallen stem. Of a tree. Large enough to make a canoe. They had no tools with which to cut down a tree.

568. Careless. Not thinking of the danger of exposure to the tropical sun.

569. Fire-hollowing this. Trying to make a canoe by burning out the inner part of the tree and so to leave an outer shell which would float. This shows how eager he was to get away, for it was very improbable that a boat so made would be safe.

In Indian fashion. As the American Indians do.

569. Fell sun-stricken. Was killed by sun-stroke.

That other. Enoch.

571. God's warning "wait". The death of his two companions seemed to Enoch to warn him that he must wait for his release, and not try to hasten it by desperate attempts of his own. It was Enoch's religious faith which saved him from madness in such a terrible trial.

572. Wooded to the peak. Clothed with forest to the very top.

Lawns. Open spaces in the woods.

573. Glades. Passages between the trees.

High up. On the mountain side.

Ways to Heaven. Leading up, as if to heaven itself.

574. Slender coco's. The cocoanut palm has a stem which, as compared with other trees of equal height, is of very small diameter.

Drooping. The outer leaves usually turn downwards and thus present a drooping appearance.

Crown of plumes. The leaves of a palm-tree grow only in a cluster at the top of the stem.

575. Lightning flash. The effect produced by bright-coloured insects and birds in rapid flight.

576. Lustre. Bright colour.

Convolvuluses. A genus of creeping and climbing plants containing many species. The line designedly, by its metre, suggests the climbing habits of the plants.

577. Coil'd. Twisted like snakes.
Stems. Of the trees.

578. Limit of the land. Right to the water's edge.

579. Glows and glories. The bright lights and deep colourings of natural scenery, the dawns, sunsets, etc., as seen in the tropics.

Broad belt of the world. The torrid zone, the part of the earth lying between the tropics. "Belt" here has its literal meaning of a zone.

580. Fain had seen. Would have liked to see.

581. Kindly human face. The voice of one of his own kind.

583. Myriad shriek. The cries of the myriad sea-birds. A myriad strictly speaking is ten thousand but is more often used of countless numbers, as here.

Wheeling. In their flight.

584. League-long. A league in length. The length of the waves indicates the vast distance of unbroken ocean across which they had come.

Roller. Heavy rolling wave or breaker.

Reef. Many of the islands in tropical seas have coral reefs round them, *i. e.*, banks of rock raised by the coral insect. The line is one of the finest instances to be found of a line whose sound suggests the thing signified.

585. Moving whisper. The rustling of the leaves at the top of the trees. The noise would come and go as the gusts of wind passed on.

586. In the zenith. High in the sky, so high as to seem to touch the sky.

Sweep. Rush; the word indicates the rapid current of a mountain stream.

587. Precipitous. Hurrying down; throwing itself headlong as it were.

Wave. The sea below.

588. Ranged. Wandered here and there.

589. Seaward-gazing. See line 558.

590. A sail. The first part of a ship to appear and distinguishable farthest away.

592. The sunrise broken, etc. The red rays of the rising sun passing between the tree trunks.

Shafts. Rays. The word "scarlet" is employed because the redness of down, as people in England see it, is so

much less vivid than the same thing in the tropics. The whole description of the island is very beautiful.

593. Ferns. A genus of plants which grow more profusely in the tropics than elsewhere. They are to be identified by the characteristic that the fronds or leaves unroll from the base.

594. Blaze. The light reflected from the water. Note the careful repetition of the same kind of line; this is intended to indicate the monotony of the tropical day. The three lines mean, morning, noon and evening.

597. Globed themselves. Came out and took shape as globes. The stars appear larger in the tropics and as the air is clearer appear more globular.

598. Hollower-bellowing ocean. The sound of the waves appears louder in the stillness of the night.

Again. In wearisome regularity.

600. Seem'd to watch. He sometimes saw nothing, because he was absorbed in thoughts of home.

601. Still. Motionless, as lost in thought.

On him paused. Rested on him as on an inanimate thing.

602. Phantom. A vision made up of many different visions and imaginings.

Moved. Filled his dreamy imagination.

603. Haunting him. He could not forget it or get rid of it.

604. Moved haunting, etc. He imagines himself as moving among the scenes of his dreams.

605. Darker isle. England, where the sky is usually clouded.

The line. On the opposite side of the equator.

606. Babble. The childish chatter of small children.

609-10. The chill November dawns. The early mornings of dark and damp November days.

610. Dewy-glooming. Dark and damp with dew.

611. Dying leaves. Decaying fallen leaves. The leaves of trees in England fall in October.

612. Leaden colour'd. The sea is of the colour of the sky above; a cloudy dull sky makes the sea appear of this colour. Notice how the sound suggests the sense.

613. In the ringing of his ears. He imagines he hears, and the poet suggests that he really did hear the bells rung at Philip's wedding.

615. Pealing. Bells are rung according to fixed methods of changing the order of the strokes. A series of such changes is a peal. Here the word means simply "ringing."

Parish. The name of the smallest ecclesiastical district, for each of which a church, in which bells are hung, is provided.

617. Shuddering. At the horror of his solitary life.

Beauteous hateful. Hateful because, with all its beauty, there was no human companionship for him. The beauty of the island but emphasised this lack.

618. Return'd upon him. Came into his mind with added force.

619. Had not...spoken with That, etc. If he had not thought upon and prayed to God.

620. Seem all alone. Altogether alone. The wretched and solitary find consolation in the belief that God is near.

621. Surely had died. Would surely have died.

Of solitude. As a result of his solitary life.

622. Early-silvering. Growing grey before its time, Enoch was still a young man.

623. Sunny and rainy seasons. The only well-marked seasons in the tropics.

625. Pace. Walk about.

Sacred. Sacred to him as the scene of his former happiness.

626. Not yet had perish'd. Not yet utterly died away.

Lonely doom. His condition of living a solitary life.

628. Wanted water. As the old sailing ships took a long time on their voyages, the provision of fresh water was of great importance. When they were delayed by storms the water was often used up.

Blown by. Driven out of her proper course. The island was out of the usual track of ships.

630. Stay'd by. Came to anchor near.

Not knowing. See Note on line 547.

631. Mate. Next to the captain, the first officer on a sailing ship.

632. Across a break. Through an opening in the mist.

Mist-wreathen. Covered by clouds.

633. Silent. The water of a cataract would from a distance look like a streak of white colour. The noise it made could not be heard.

Slipping. Sliding, flowing down.

634. Burst away. The word suggests hurried scattering in different directions, and also the pleasure of the men at finding themselves on land for a few hours.

635. Fount. Natural spring of fresh water.

Fill'd...with clamour. Their shouts could be heard all around.

636. Downward. Attracted by the sound of voices. His hut was high up to command a better view of the sea.

637. Long-hair'd. He had no means of trimming his hair.

Solitary. Lonely man.

638. Hardly human. Hardly like a man at all.

Strangely clad. His proper clothes must long since have fallen to pieces.

639. Muttering and mumbling. Making inarticulate sounds like an idiot. The result of long disuse of language.

640. Inarticulate rage. Enoch was angry because he could not say what he wished to say.

Signs. Beckonings of his hands; trying to make the sailors understand.

641. And yet. His actions were sane enough.

642. Sweet water. Fresh as distinguished from brackish or salt water.

643. Ever. By degrees.

644. Long-bounden. Debarred from use, because there was no one to speak to.

645. Loosen'd. He regained the power of speech. See *Luke*, I. 64.

646. Whom. Enoch; the object of "took." "Aboard" means "on board."

647. Utter'd brokenly. Told in broken sentences.

648. Scarce-credited. Hardly believed by the sailors.

649. Melted. Stirred to pity.

650. Free passage. Took him with them and charged him nothing.

651. He work'd...shook his isolation from him. He mingled with the sailors in their work and thus enjoyed the companionship he so badly needed.

653. His county. His particular part of England. The sailors were English.

654. Aught of what, etc. Anything about his family.

655. Dull. Especially to Enoch who was eager to get home.

656. Sea-worthy. Not in a fit condition for a long voyage.
Evermore. All the while.

657. His fancy, etc. He was thinking of what lay before him.
Lazy wind. The gentle wind which moved the ship but slowly.

658. Returning. The participle is difficult. The poet probably means that Enoch, in spirit, was already home, *i. e.*, his fancy returning to the scenes of youth, fled before the ship.
Clouded moon. Another reference to the cloudy English skies.

659. Like a lover. With all the eagerness of a lover.
Down thro' all his blood, etc. Felt the freshening air affect his whole body.

660. Drew in. Breathed with pleasure.
Dewy meadowy morning-breath. The fresh air of the morning scented with the smell of the meadows.

661. Blown across. Carried by the wind out to sea.
Ghostly wall. White walls or cliffs of chalk which border the southern coast. Wrapt in the morning mist, these chalk cliffs looked like ghosts.

663. Levied a kindly tax, etc. Generously raised a subscription for his benefit.

664. It. The money collected.

665. Up the coast. That is up the Channel towards the North Sea.

666. Before. On the former occasion.

668. Homeward. The poet suggests that thoughts of home were in his mind, and these raised questionings. After so long an absence he could not expect to find things as he had left them. The port of landing was 10 miles from his home and he would naturally have such thoughts in his mind as he walked along.

670. Sunny but chill. A bright day in winter. November.
Drawn thro' either chasm. Both ports were formed by breaks in the line of cliffs. The fog from the sea would naturally pass up these openings.

671. Open'd on. Was open towards.

672. Roll'd. The appearance of a fog-bank as it advances.
Sea-haze. A sea-fog.
Whelm'd. Covered, turning everything to a gray colour.

673. Cut off, etc. The part of the highway visible was but short owing to the fog.

674. Left but narrow breadth. Nor could he see far on either side of him.

675. Wither'd holt. A holt is a small plantation or wood; *withered* because the leaves had fallen.
Tilth. Arable, ploughed or cultivated land. The word is still in common use.
Pasturage. Grass meadows not ploughed or sown.

676. Nigh-naked. Almost bare of leaves. Notice the alliterative compound. These are common in Tennyson.
Robin. A small brown bird with a red breast, the only bird that sings so late in the year.
Piped. Whistled.

677. Disconsolate. In a gloomy disconsolate manner because of the damp. The whole description is exceedingly true to nature.
Thro' the dripping haze. Through the fog which settling on the trees made them drip with water.

678. Dead weight, etc. The added weight of the damp made the few remaining leaves lose their hold and fall.

679. Drizzle. Fine rain. Such a fog usually turns to rain. It grew steadily darker.

680. A great mist-blotted light. A light of a lamp from some window in the village. He would not see it until he came upon it, and it would at first appear as a luminous patch of fog.

681. Flared on him. Sprang suddenly to sight.
The place. The village. Notice how the gloom of the afternoon accords with the feelings of the reader who knows the disappointment in store for Enoch.

682. Down the long street. The path from the other port led over the downs and reached the village at the upper end of the long street.
Slowly stolen. Not wishing to be recognised and careful not to miss his old home in the darkness. The words suggest that he was half afraid to learn the worst.

683. All calamity. Every sort of misfortune.

684. Eyes upon the stones. Deep in thought.

686. Far-off. So long ago.

687. Murmur. The subdued sound of voices inside.

688. Bill of sale. A printed notice that the house was for sale.

Gleam'd. Being on white paper.

689. Still downward. On past the house, to the more populous part of the village below.

Dead or dead to me. Are either actually dead or as good as dead so far as I am concerned.

690. Pool. The little harbour.

691. Which of old he knew. Which he had known in the days before he went away.

692. Timber-crost. Built of wooden beams and posts framed together, the spaces between being afterwards built in with bricks or plaster.

Of antiquity. Of ancient form. The method of building described in the last Note is now seldom employed.

693. Propt. Held up by added beams.

Worm-eaten. The wood-work eaten by boring insects.

Ruinously old. So old as to be in a ruinous condition.

694. Must have gone. Must have fallen or been pulled down long before.

695. Who kept it. The landlord of the inn.

696. Daily-dwindling profits. Her trade grew steadily less as the port decayed, owing to the rise of its rival ten miles away.

Held. Occupied and managed.

697. Haunt of brawling seamen once. A place where quarrelsome seamen used to gather.

698. Stiller. Quieter because not now so frequented.

With yet a bed. Still able to afford lodgings.

Wandering men. Travellers.

699. Silent. Telling his story to no one, nor divulging his identity.

700. Garrulous. Talkative.

701. Nor let him be. Did not leave him without speaking to him.

Breaking in. Interrupting his thoughts and meditations.

702. Annals. The chief events that had happened in the past.

703. Brown. Tanned by exposure to the sun and the weather.

Bow'd. Bent in figure with sorrow and misfortune.

704. Broken. Broken down, rendered weak.

705. Her. Annie's.

Growing poverty. Poverty growing greater day by day.

707. Wooing her. Wooing of her. The objective genitive and the direct accusative are easily substituted the one for the other.

710. No shadow past, nor motion. He showed nothing of what he felt, either by change of countenance or by motion of any sort. It is to be understood that he understood how inevitably it had all happened, and that none was to blame.

711. Regarding. Looking at him.

Well had deem'd. Justly would have thought.

Felt less. Was less interested in and moved by it.

712. Closed. Said in conclusion.

714. Pathetically. In a way to arouse pity in an observer.

716. Inward whispers. Said to himself.

Lost. He realised that he could not now show himself to his family, and was utterly cut off from them.

717. Her face. Annie's.

718. If I might. If only I might; supply "I should be able to bear my trouble and loneliness."

720. Harass'd him. Because he could not decide what to do.

Drove him forth. The restlessness of a troubled mind.

722. Growing duller twilight. Evening was approaching. We must probably understand that Enoch avoided meeting others.

723. On all below. Everything in view.

724. Thousand. A multitude of indefinite number.

725. Unspeakable for sadness. Of such sad kind that they could not be described in words.

726. Ruddy. Red. An Englishman at once thinks of the red glow of a fire.

Square. Determined in form by the square shape of the window.

726. Comfortable light. Light which suggested comfort within.

727. Far-blazing. Shining to a great distance. The house seems to have been at the end of the street nearest the downs.

From the rear. At the back.

728. Allured him. It is suggested that in his indecision Enoch was insensibly led to approach the window.

Beacon-blaze. The light of a lighthouse. Migratory birds are often killed in large numbers by flying against the lantern in the night.

729. Bird of passage. A bird which passes part of its life in one country and part in another. Ducks in India are an example.

Madly. Forcibly and carelessly, as if fascinated.

730. Beats out his life. Causes its own death by dashing against the lantern.

Weary life. Weary from having travelled a long distance without resting.

731. Fronted on. Faced; opened on to.

732. Latest. Last in the street, starting from the port.

733. Waste. The uncultivated land. The land sloped upward and Enoch could easily look in at the window from the higher ground behind. He could also approach without being noticed by anybody in the street.

734. Wall'd. With a wall enclosing it.

735. Evergreen. A general name for those trees which do not shed their leaves; the yew-tree is one of these.

736. A walk. A path.

737. Shingle. Small round stones brought from the beach which is often covered with these.

A walk divided it. There was a path round the garden and another across the middle of it, dividing it into two parts.

738. Shunn'd. Avoided. He got to the window by the path along by the wall so as to escape observation.

739. Trance. From the point reached where he was screened from view by the yew-tree.

740. Which he better. To see Annie was but to sharpen his sense of what he had lost, and thus to make himself more unhappy.

741. Or better. If they can be said to be possible of any sort of mitigation or easing.

741. Saw. The poet stops abruptly to indicate the crisis in the story.

742. Cups and silver. The usual furniture of a dining table. The presence of silver vessels or spoons is sufficient to indicate that the family was in comfortable circumstances.

Burnish'd board. Polished table. By the word burnished the poet suggests Annie's busy household habits. The table was kept polished by hard and constant rubbing.

743. So genial was the hearth. So bright was the light given out by the fire. "Genial" suggests warmth and comfort.

744. Hearth. The fireplace.

745. Slighted suitor of old times. He who had been made second to Enoch in the old days.

746. Stout. Growing heavier in comfortable middle age.

Rosy. The line of health on his cheek.

747. Second father. See line 412.

748. Later...loftier. Younger but taller than her mother.

750. Dangled. Hung swinging.

751. Tempt. To tempt the baby to play, to amuse it.

Rear'd his arms. Put up his arms.

Creasy. Fat with deep wrinkles. Notice that no long time has elapsed since what was spoken of in line 524.

752. It. The dangling ring.

753. Left hand. Sitting opposite her husband.

754. Glancing often. In her motherly love and care.

755. Him. Her son beside her.

757. That which. "Something which." Enoch could not of course tell what it was. The whole scene is a life-like description of such a scene, a scene to be witnessed in many an English home.

758. Dead man. The man supposed to be dead, but now present outside.

759. His wife no more. He could not claim her because she was legally married to Philip nor did he wish to do so.

763. Him, that other. The poet avoids the direct name as more in keeping with Enoch's mood at a moment when he would naturally not say Philip.

Reigning. As father in a home that should have been his own.

764. Lord of, etc. Master of and enjoying all that was his.

765. Told him all. He knew of it, but actually seeing it for himself was more painful.

766. Mightier. Of more power to move the feelings.

767. Holding the branch. Holding on to the branch of the yew-tree to keep himself from falling.

768. Send abroad...a cry. To cry out.

769. Blast of doom. A cry which would have destroyed their happiness for ever, just as the sound of the angel's trumpets on the Last Judgment Day will stop man's work for ever.

770. Hearth. Indicative of the whole home.

771. Turning softly, etc. Making no noise or disturbance.

772. Harsh shingle, etc. The loose pebbles would make a crunching noise as he trod on them.

773. Feeling all along the garden-wall. Holding on by the wall with one hand so that he might not fall.

774. Be found. By those within. It is to be understood that Enoch was in bad health.

775. Closed. The gate.

776. Chamber-door. Bedroom-door. So as not to disturb the sick man.

778. Knees were feeble. Weakness of the knees is a mark of emotional distress. Enoch's courage has broken down.

779. Prone. On his face.

781. Too hard to bear! It is too hard for me to bear.

Thence. From the island.

783. Uphold me. Give me courage to bear, support.

784. In my loneliness. Bereft as I am those who loved me.

787. Break in upon. Disturb and destroy.

789. Betray myself. If I spoke to them.

792. Speech...failed a little. He lay in a half-swoon.

793. Tranced. As one in a trance, but half conscious.

796. Beating it in. Repeating so as to impress it upon his mind.

Weary brain. He could no longer think clearly or brace himself to a reasoned resolve.

797. Burthen of a song. The lines of a song which are repeated at the end of each verse.

799. All unhappy. Altogether unhappy.

Resolve, etc. The resolution to sacrifice himself, brought him a kind of happiness.

800. Firm faith. His firm trust in God.
Evermore. Always.

801. From a living source, etc. Rising from the depths of his nature and influencing him and helping him all the time.

803. Fountains of sweet water, etc. Fresh water some times rises from springs in the sea-bottom and freshens the water around.

804. Kept him a living soul. Kept him from giving himself up altogether.

807. Enow. Enough. Even the neighbours knew that Annie had never completely lost this fear, even in her new happiness.

809. Would be. Would bring. To a woman of Annie's temperament, the knowledge that she was legally married to Philip would not satisfy her sense of loyalty to Enoch.

810. After...has call'd me. After my death.

812. Scorning an alms. Refusing to accept help from anybody. The word "alms" is singular; the "s" is part of the word.

813. Almost...turn his hand. Could make himself useful in most kinds of mechanical work.

814. Cooper. A maker of casks, tubs and barrels.
Wrought. Worked.

816. Lading. Loading. The form "lading" is commonly used for "loading" in connection with shipping.
Barks. Ships; they are called tall because of the height of the masts.

817. Stinted commerce of those days. The tale takes us back a hundred years or more when commerce was very restricted. The port was small and frequented only by small ships.

818. Scanty living. He was too weak and dispirited to work with his old energy.

820. Work. A Verb, co-ordinate with labour.
Without hope. There was nothing to make him exert himself.
Not life in it. Neither ambition, nor interest.

822. Roll'd itself round again. Passed by. This and similar figures are used because the motion of the earth on its axis and round the sun is the fundamental measure of time.
Meet the day. About the same date.

823. Langour. Lassitude, bodily weakness.

824. Gentle sickness. Slight illness; supply "and".

825. Could do no more. Could work no more.

826. House ... chair ... bed. Three stages in his growing illness. He could not leave his house, then became too weak to leave his chair and then to leave his bed.

828. Stranded wreck. "Stranded" means thrown on the rocks or shore. "Wreck" here means the crew upon the stranded ship.

829. See thro' the grey skirts. When a rain cloud is passing off it becomes possible to see through the thinner rain at the edges.

Lifting squall. A brief storm of wind and rain. Such a cloud is said to lift as it passes away.

830. Bears the hope of life. The boat comes to take off the crew from the wreck and so saves them from drowning. The hope of rescue depends upon the boat.

831. Despair'd of. So long as no means of rescue were visible.

832. Death dawning. Death drawing near. Enoch welcomed it as a release from his troubles.

Close of all. All his troubles.

833. Thro' that dawning gleam'd, etc. Enoch intended that Annie should then be told. One of his greatest trials was that he had not been able to tell Annie that he had been faithful to her. He imagined that she might have thought him faithless. Such a suspicion never crossed Annie's mind, and this of itself is enough to indicate Annie's natural nobility of character.

837. Only swear. Give me a promise on oath to do as I tell you.

838. Upon the book. Upon the Bible. Confirming the promise by kissing the book or by putting the hand on it.

839. It. The secret.

840. Clamour'd. Spoke hurriedly and in an agitated manner; overmuch freedom of speech is also suggested.

Hear him talk! Listen to his foolish remarks!

841. Warrant. Assure you.

Bring you round. Restore you to health.

843. Half frighted. In dismay at his stern manner.

844. Rolling. The slow movement of his eyes as he turned them upon her. It is suggested that he did not turn his head because of his weakness.

846. Far away. From a long distance. "Knew," could recognise.

847. Mind. Colloquial for "remember".

848. Held his head high. Walked with a proud and independent carriage.

850. Low. See last Note.

853. Half-incredulous. She did not at first quite believe what he said.

Half-hysterical. As if she could but half control her words.

854. A foot higher. Taller by a foot.

855. Be. Colloquial for "are." The woman was ignorant.

859. That name. The name of Lee, Annie's maiden name. She became Annie Arden and then Annie Ray.

865. Easy tears. After the manner of old women who shed tears freely without feeling very much.

866. In her heart. In secret.

Yearn'd. Much desired to.

Incessantly. All the time he was speaking.

868. Proclaiming. Such women rejoice, when they have a bit of startling news to tell.

869. A wed. By her oath, which she dare not break.

Promise-bounden. Bound by her promise. The "en" is an older form of the past participle. Tennyson is rather fond of using it.

870. Bairns. Children. From "barns" an old word meaning "what is born." It is still common in Northern England and Scotland.

Before you go. Before you die.

872. Bring them down. From the upper end of the village.

Hung. Hesitated; the prospect attracted him for a moment, but he refused to break his resolve.

875. Hold my purpose. Not to let Annie know.

876. Mark me. Give me your close attention.

877. Charge you. Give you a serious task.

880. Save for the bar between us. Except that, as she is the wife of another man, I cannot love her as a wife.

881. Beside my own. In the marriage bed for the first time.

883. So like. To be so like.

Latest breath. Last moments.

887. Meant us. Intended.

890. She must not. Annie must not.

891. My dead face, etc. The memory of my face will remain in her mind, and its worn appearance will remind her of my sorrows. How thoughtful he is!

892. One. The child that died in his absence.

893. World-to-be. Beyond the grave.

894. This hair. The curl Annie gave him when he went away.

898. In bliss. The bliss of heaven. It is Annie who will now value the memorial of the absent one. Notice the simple clear faith of Enoch.

900. A token. A proof and assurance.

901. Am he. Am Enoch, her husband.

903. Voluble. Wordy. Such voluble persons are often untrustworthy, and Enoch knows this; he therefore made her renew her promise.

909. Dozed. Took short snatches of sleep.

910. A calling of the sea. The noise of the ground-swell which is conveyed by the land to long distances.

911. Rang. Were filled with the noise.

912. Rose. Sat up in his bed.

Abroad. Widely, as if welcoming something.

913. A sail. The sail of a rescuing ship. The fixed thought of years of waiting is renewed in death. The poet wishes to suggest that death is welcome. See line 132.

916. They buried him. It is to be understood that Philip and Annie, having heard all the story, signified their love in the only way left to them. The sacrifice of Enoch wins its reward. The whole population was present to do him honour.

917. Costlier. The costliness represents the honour in which the dead is held. Notice the touch of light at the close.

ADDITIONAL NOTES

67. Prone edge. It is exceedingly difficult to imagine the scene Tennyson here describes. The following seems to the annotator to be what is meant. The path to the top of the downs at one point passed near the hazelwood which threw out a sort of level promontory towards the path. "Prone" would refer to this level part thrown forward.

68. To feather. From the narrow part near the path, the wood spread gradually to the wider part in the hollow and as the shrubs would overhang and spread outwardly giving a feathery appearance, the poet means by the word "feather" both the gradual widening out and the looser appearance on each side. He also suggests that the whole wood was of the shape of a feather; the narrow beginning, then the widening out down the slope to the centre and up the opposite side of the cup-like depression.

Hollow. The central cup-like depression in which the wood lay.

PARAPHRASE

Lines 1–9. A break in the long line of cliffs bordering the sea on the south coast of England is made by a river which flows down from the downs, and empties itself into the sea through the gap. The mouth of the river widens into a little port with a sandy shore, and a narrow wharf is built along one part of this for the convenience of the small ships and fishing boats which frequent the harbour. Around the port are clustered the red-roofed cottages of the inhabitants, and in the midst is an ancient church. From the church a long and steep street, filling all the narrow valley, leads upward to the downs behind, and beyond the upper end of the street is a tall windmill. Beyond the mill and rising still higher are the gray and smooth chalk hills and on these are seen the mounds built by the old Danish invaders of England. In a cupshaped hollow on the hills is a green hazel copse to which in the autumn the children of the village are accustomed to go to gather nuts.

Lines 10–22. On the beach of this little port, a hundred years ago, were often to be found three children, belonging to three different families, Annie Lee the prettiest of all the girls in the village, Philip Ray the only son of the only miller in the place, and Enoch Arden the son of a common sailor, who had been drowned at sea in a winter storm, and had left his son an orphan. These children were accustomed to play together, amusing themselves, as children will, with the various things scattered about on the beach, such as the piles of rope, the dark fishing nets, the rusty anchors and the stranded boats. There on the beach they used to dig and build imitation fortresses of sand, and eagerly watched to see them washed away by the returning tide. Sometimes they followed up the receding water and then had to run quickly back again when a new wave brought the water back. Thus each day their footprints were to be seen about the sands and these were, every day, washed out by the tide.

Lines 23–36. Beneath the cliff on one side of the mouth of the harbour was a cave in which the children pretended to keep house. In this game Enoch and Philip took the part of master of the house, each in his turn, but Annie always played the part of mistress. Sometimes Enoch, who was the stronger and more self-willed of the two boys, would insist on playing the part of master for several days in succession, then Philip would consider that he was treated unfairly and a quarrel arose. In such a quarrel, Enoch, being the stronger, always vanquished Philip, who would weep in his helpless anger and tell Enoch, that he hated him. When this happened the tender-hearted Annie was sorry for Philip, and wept with him; she tried to make peace between them and to pacify Philip said she would be the wife of both of them.

Lines 37–60. When the children grew older and the time for such games passed away, feelings of love began to arise in their hearts and both the boys fell in love with Annie. Enoch, with his usual courage, told Annie that he loved her, while Philip did not, with the result that Annie was more shy in the presence of Enoch, and treated Philip more kindly than she did Enoch. This was also partly due to the fact that Annie really loved Enoch in return although she did not know it, and would have denied it if asked. Enoch thenceforward had but one purpose before him, *viz.*, to save up all he possibly could, so that he might be able to buy himself a boat, and make a home which he could ask Annie to share with him. He so prospered in his endeavours that he became known as a skilled, fortunate and hardy fisherman, although a cautious one in times of danger, and no better was known for miles along the coast. He also served for a year on board a merchant ship and thus gained the certificate of being a skilled seaman; three times had he rescued other men from drowning at sea, and in consequence was well thought of and honoured by all who knew him. Before he was twenty-one he was able to fulfil his wish to buy a boat, and he took and furnished comfortably a small house, situated about half-way up the street leading to the mill.

Lines 61–79. When all Enoch's preparations were completed, a sunny day in autumn the young people of the village took a holiday and, carrying baskets, etc., in which to put the nuts, went

off to the hazel copse. Philip's father being sick, Philip himself could not join the party until an hour later, and as he walked up the downs and came near to the border of the wood, he saw Enoch and Annie sitting near together and holding each other's hands. The position in which they were sitting and the warm and joyous expression on Enoch's face told Philip what had happened, and he knew that his own hopes were vain. When he saw them kiss, he could bear it no longer, and with a groan he passed aside without attracting the attention of the lovers and as an animal does when it is wounded, crept away alone into the quietest parts of the wood and there, with the merry shouts of the other young people in his ears, he faced his trouble. When he had somewhat recovered from the first shock of his disappointment, he returned home, but his love for Annie remained so strong that he never thought of marriage with another and remained a bachelor until Annie was free to marry him in after years.

Lines 80-100. So Enoch and Annie were married and the bells rang merrily at their wedding. For seven prosperous years they enjoyed complete happiness, excellent health and a sufficiency of means, and a daughter was born to them. When Enoch found himself a father, there awoke in him the noble desire to save all he could in order that he might give his child a better education than he or Annie had received. Two years after the girl, a son was born, and the desire to give his children a better bringing-up grew doubly strong. This new baby was Annie's special joy, and to caress and fondle it was her loved occupation when Enoch was away from home, either out on the sea fishing or journeying round the countryside to sell what he had caught. This business of Enoch's made him well-known in the district; his white horse, his fish baskets and his own weather-beaten face were seen not only in the markets in the neighbourhood, but also far in the country beyond the downs and one of his best customers was the master of the great house, marked by its gates with figures of lions on the post and the curiously-cut yew-trees in its gardens. Thither he went every week to take the fish needed for the Friday fast.

Lines 101-127. After these seven years of happy and busy life had passed, misfortunes began to happen to Enoch as they do to other people. A larger port was opened ten miles to the north, and to this port Enoch occasionally went sometimes doing the journey by land and sometimes by sea. Once while there he met

with an accident; slipping over a mast in the harbour he fell and broke a limb, and was confined to his bed for a considerable time. In the meantime a second son was born to him, and Annie was hard put to it to attend to the weakly baby and Enoch's business at the same time. A rival in the same business took away part of Enoch's trade, and Annie had great difficulty in making ends meet. Although Enoch was a religious man, steady in character and one not given to despair, yet in his illness and forced inactivity, he began to conjure up visions of all sorts of things that might happen to his family, and fearing that they might fall into poverty and Annie be forced to beg for her livelihood. In his anxiety he prayed that they might be spared any such trouble whatever might happen to himself, and at this very moment, when his fears were most before his mind, the master of the ship in which he had learnt his seamanship offered him a post as boatswain. This he was led to do from a knowledge of Enoch's accident and of his integrity of character. He said that the ship was to make a trading voyage to China, would not sail until such time as Enoch had recovered, and would start from the place where Enoch lay. Enoch accepted the offer with alacrity, the more that he looked upon it as a direct answer to his prayer.

Lines 128–147. Now that Enoch saw a way out of the difficulties he had imagined, he looked upon his anxiety and his accident as no more serious matter than a cloud which for a time obscures the brightness of the sun, and leaves but a small part of the sea illuminated with the direct rays of light. But the future had to be cared for. What were his wife and children to do while he was away? After much consideration he resolved to sell his beloved boat, the boat which he understood as well as a horseman understands his horse, and in which he had passed safely through many storms at sea. With the proceeds of the sale he determined to fit up a shop and to furnish it with such goods as sailors and their wives needed, hoping that Annie could manage the shop, and so earn her living, until he returned from his voyage. Then he also thought that he would be able to do a little trading on his own account; and this consideration led him to think that, if he made several voyages, he might become fairly rich, and so find himself in a position to buy a larger ship by means of which more money could be earned. If this were possible his life would be an easier one, his children would be well educated, and he might look forward to a happy quiet life at home.

Lines 148-156. With all these resolutions in his mind, Enoch, being now completely restored to health, set out for home. When he reached it, Annie, who had been unable to visit him while he was ill, received him with great joy, and laid the sickly child she had been nursing in Enoch's arms. Enoch took the child and caressed it, making such remarks about it as Annie would like to hear, but, seeing Annie's joy at his return, he did not tell her of what he had resolved to do until the morrow.

Lines 157-167. Then for the first time since their wedding day Annie definitely opposed Enoch's wishes. This she did, not in any noisy unpleasant manner, but by gentle entreaties and with tears and repeated kisses, and she did it because of her conviction that nothing but harm could result. She begged him, if he cared for her and his children, not to go, but he, just because he did care, and saw no other way of doing his duty by them, maintained his resolve and let her plead in vain although his great love for Annie made it very difficult for him to do so.

Lines 168-181. So Enoch sold his beloved boat, and with the money thus procured, bought what was necessary for setting up Annie in a shop. This was to be in the room which opened on the street and which had been the family sitting-room. Here for many days Enoch worked to fit up shelves and cup-boards for the reception of the various wares; and the little house was filled with the noise of sawing, hammering, etc. To Annie who could think of nothing but the coming parting, all this was as distressing as is the sound of the preparation of a scaffold to a prisoner condemned to death. Enoch continued his careful labours up to the eve of his departure and the result was seen in the neat and orderly arrangements he made. He had packed things away as closely as Nature herself packs away seeds and buds, and on the last evening there seemed to be no more that he could do for his loved wife. Going tired to bed he slept heavily until the day of departure dawned.

Lines 182-200. Rising in the morning Enoch tried to appear as brave and happy as he could, in order to help Annie over the grief of parting. He laughed at her fears, although sympathising with her all the time, but did not forget to commit his loved ones to the care of God, the act in which man appears most divine. Then he said to Annie that he felt sure that the journey would, by

God's grace, result in happiness for them all; that she was to keep her home neat and comfortable until his return which would be even before she expected it. Then he told her of the joys of return; how he would take the baby whose cradle he was rocking as he spoke, and whose weakness made him specially dear, upon his knee, and tell him interesting stories of the foreign countries he had visited, and so make him merry. Thus speaking, he begged Annie to cheer up and send him away as cheerfully as she could.

Lines 201–209. While Enoch talked in this bright way, Annie was almost persuaded to be as hopeful as he was, but after a time he began to talk in a more serious but simple manner of the goodness of God and the need of trust in heaven. She heard what he said, but his talk of religion reawakened her fears and she hardly understood the meaning of his words. Her mind was full of sad forebodings and she but listened as a village girl who, absorbed in thoughts of her absent lover, hears the noise of the water overflowing her pitcher, but pays no heed to the sound.

Lines 210–216. At last she found words to say that she knew that Enoch was far wiser than herself, but that in spite of all his wisdom she was sure that his going was a mistake, and she would never see him again. Enoch replied that at least he was sure he should see her again for, he said, the ship would pass the village on a certain day and he should see her from the ship, if she would stand where she would be visible. She would also be able to see him if she got a telescope and looked carefully.

Lines 217–226. When at last the moment came to say goodbye, Enoch asked Annie to be as happy as she could, to take care of the children and to keep the home in order. "It is time to go," he said and added that she need have no fears on his behalf or if she had, that she must take her cares to God who always cares for the anxious. God, he said, was the surest trust of man and was everywhere, so that, sailing to the farthest east, he would never be beyond His presence. He made the sea and His were all that sailed upon it.

Lines 227–238. Enoch then rose up from his seat and embraced his sorrowing wife in his strong arms; he then kissed the two elder children who stood by wondering what it could all mean. But when Annie started to lift up the youngest and sickly

child, which owing to its feverish condition had slept badly through the night, Enoch stopped her and said that it was not necessary to wake it as the child was too young to remember afterwards. So he kissed the child as it lay in its cot, but Annie took a pair of scissors and from the baby's head cut off a small curl of hair and gave it to Enoch. This Enoch kept through all his wanderings until he died. The time for his departure having now come, he quickly caught up the bundle containing his needed clothes and started for the port from which he was to sail, but looking back and waving his hand to Annie as he went.

Lines 239–244. When the day came of which Enoch had spoken, Annie borrowed a telescope as he had directed, but owing either to her inability to adjust it, the tears in her eyes, or the trembling of her hands, she was not able to see him. Enoch stood upon the deck waving his hand but he received no answering signal from Annie, and so the opportunity was lost and the vessel sailed away.

Lines 245–260. Annie watched the ship receding into the distance until the last bit of sail disappeared; then she departed weeping to her house. From that time forward, although she mourned for Enoch as for one already dead, yet she did her utmost to carry out his wishes in every way. Having received no sort of training in business, she did not prosper in it, nor was she able to make up for the lack of training by natural shrewdness. She was incapable of any form of lying or deception such as asking much more for a thing than she meant to take, and was always wondering what Enoch would say when he knew how badly she managed. Sometimes when her poorer customers were in difficulty she sold them things at less than the cost price. Thus failing and knowing that she failed, she grew more sad. The best she could do was to gain a scanty livelihood, and she lived a melancholy and lonely life, sustained only by the hope of hearing news of Enoch.

Lines 261–270. In the meantime the youngest child grew more unhealthy and feeble. The mother bestowed upon it all the care a mother knows how to give, but whether it was that the calls of business took her away from it too much, or that she could not afford the right nourishment for it, or that she could not afford to call in a doctor, whatever it was, after a time, even before she suspected how ill the child was, like a caged bird which suddenly escapes, it passed away.

Lines 271–285. In the same week in which Annie buried the child, Philip, who was always thinking of her happiness, but who had not seen her since Enoch went away, felt regret that he had kept away from her so long. Thinking that he had good reason for a visit now and trusting to be able to do something to comfort her, he went to the cottage. Passing through the shop, he knocked three times at the door leading to the inner room, and since no one came to open it, opened it himself and entered. He found Annie, who had just returned from her child's funeral, so bowed down with grief that she did not want to see anyone, and only turned her face to the wall and wept. Philip, still standing, said to her in a hesitant manner that he had come to ask a favour of her.

Lines 286–313. Hearing his request, she moaned out a reply that it was inconceivable that anyone should ask a favour of one so sorrowful and lonely as herself. This reply confused him for a moment, but seating himself beside her and hardly knowing whether he had better go or stay he said to her that he had come to talk about what they both knew to be Enoch's dearest wish. He said that Annie, in making choice of Enoch for a husband, had chosen the best man in the village, a strong man, who when he had made up his mind to do a thing carried out his purpose to the end. He asked whether it was possible that Enoch had decided to go this weary voyage, and to leave Annie by herself, merely for pleasure. They both of them knew that he had not, but had done it in order to find the money which would enable him to bring up his children in a manner superior to the education Annie and himself had received. That being his dearest wish he would be vext, if, when he returned, he found that the early years of his children had been wasted, and even if he did not return, it would vex him in his grave to know that his children were running wild like unbroken colts. He then added that as they had been great friends all their lives, he desired Annie, by the love she bore to Enoch and the children, to allow him to pay for their education, and make it his special charge; and he said that Enoch could repay him when he returned if she wished it, although for his part he wished for no such return, nor was it in any way necessary since he himself was a rich man.

Lines 314–321. Annie, with her face still turned from him, said that she could not look upon his face because she felt that their

difficulties were due to her own incapacity and because his coming to see her had quite broken her down. It was now the more difficult to do so because of the great kindness of his request, but since Enoch lived, as she was sure he did, and would return, he could repay the money spent. His kindness could never be repaid.

Lines 322–330. Philip then asked her definitely to agree to his plan, and on that she turned in her seat, rose up, and fixing her tearful eyes full upon him, noting the kindness of his face, called down all blessings upon him, wrung his hands in token of her gratitude and passed out into the little garden behind the house. Philip highly elated at the success of his errand returned to his home.

Lines 331–343. Philip then sent the children to school, bought them the necessary books and did everything for them as if they had been his own. In order that there might arise no idle gossip regarding his relations with Annie, he seldom permitted himself the enjoyment he most valued, *viz.*, to visit Annie in her home, yet he often sent by the hands of the children, gifts of garden-herbs and fruit, roses in their season, and rabbits he had caught on the downs. Now and then when he could think of some pretext for his action and so not give Annie room to think she was subsisting on charity, such as, that it was of a special fineness, he used to send her a parcel of flour from his mill.

Lines 344–361. And yet Philip did not understand all that was in Annie's mind, for she was not a woman who could easily express her feelings and when he met her she could only manage a few broken sentences which poorly expressed her boundless gratitude. The children had no such difficulties and Philip was everything to them. When they saw him turn a distant corner of the street, they ran eagerly to welcome him and to receive his hearty greeting. More than that, in their childish way, they tyrannised over him, doing what they pleased in the mill and the house, and pouring into his sympathetic ear every little trouble or pleasure; they clung about him and played with him as if he were truly the father they called him. While Philip was thus the more loved from day to day, the memory of Enoch faded until they hardly remembered him but as a dim vision of the past; a figure such as is seen in the dim light of the early morning at the

end of a long avenue of trees, a figure which appears for a moment and then goes we know not and care not where. In this way ten years passed by since the day when Enoch left his home and country and no news of him was received.

Lines 362–371. About this time it happened that the children were eager to go nutting to the hazel copse and Annie consented to go with them. The children further wished that Philip should make one of the party and when they found him, dusty with the white flour of the mill, they coaxed him until he was persuaded to go and gave a laughing consent. The strongest motive on Philip's part was the prospect of an afternoon with Annie. So the whole party set off.

Lines 372–383. After a stiff climb they came to the point, half way up the ascent, where they were opposite the leafy promontory of the wood mentioned before. Here Annie felt that she could go no farther, and said she must rest. Philip was glad to stay with her, and the children left them together and ran off down the slope to the wood. Soon their joyous shouts were heard as they dispersed about the wood, and eagerly pulled or broke down the tough branches of the shrubs and plucked the nuts. Philip and Annie could hear them calling out to one another, saying what success they were meeting with.

Lines 384–397. Philip, sitting beside Annie, for a time forgot her presence, being absorbed in memories of a former nutting expedition, when the great disappointment of his life had come to him, and he had crept away to hide himself. At last lifting up his honest face he said to Annie, "Hear, how merry those children are down there in the wood." Then noticing that she did not speak, he asked her if she was tired. She still gave him no answer but only sat with her face buried in her hands. Seeing this Philip became impatient with her, and saying that Enoch's ship was certainly lost, admonished her to give up the expectation that Enoch would return. Why, he asked, should she kill herself in her desperate efforts to keep her home going, and make her children, who were already fatherless, also motherless. Annie replied that this view of the matter had not even occurred to her, but that she was sad, because their voices made her feel so lonely, although she could not see why this should be so.

Lines 398-421. Philip then drawing closer to Annie said that he had something in his mind, and it had been there so long that even although he could not say when it first occurred to him, yet he knew he must say it out plainly some day. He then told her that it was beyond every possible hope or chance that Enoch could still be alive after so many years of silence, and he begged her to allow him to say that it hurt him to see her so poor and needing help so badly. He could not help her as he wished to do unless — and here breaking off he suggested that with the natural quickness of women in such matters she might have already guessed what it was that he wished to do, *viz.*, to marry her. He said that he wished to have the right to show that he could be a real father to her children; that he thought they already loved him as such, and that he loved them as if they were his own. He believed that if Annie married him they might still enjoy as much happiness as God ever grants to his creatures, in spite of the sad years of waiting and suspense through which they had passed. He begged her to think upon this proposal, remembering that he was rich, had no relations, and no anxieties of any sort except such as his love for Annie and the children occasioned. They had known each other from childhood and he had loved Annie longer than she had any idea of.

Lines 422-439. Annie gave him a gentle answer, saying that Philip had been like an angel of God to them, and she hoped that God would bless and reward him for all his goodness. This reward, she said, should be marriage with a good woman who would make him happier than she herself could ever do. She did not think it possible for a woman to love two men, or that she could ever learn to love Philip as she had loved Enoch. He did not realise that he was asking for something of doubtful value. He replied that he would be content, even if she could only love him somewhat less than she did Enoch. Then in her distress of mind she begged him to wait for a time, saying that if Enoch returned — although she did not think he ever would — the situation would be very difficult. Again she begged him to wait a year before pressing for an answer, saying that a year was not a very long time and she should probably know something of Enoch before that time expired. Philip sadly replied that as he had waited for her all his life, he could very well wait a little longer, and Annie said that she considered herself bound to marry him

after a year had passed if she received no news of Enoch, and that they should both wait patiently without seeing each other. This Philip promised to do.

Lines 440-451. Silence now fell upon them, and when Philip saw that the evening light was fast fading from the mound upon the top of the downs, and fearing lest Annie in her delicate state of health should catch a chill, called out to the children in the wood to return. The children came, laden with the nuts they had gathered, and all descended together to the port. There at Annie's door Philip stopped, and in the act of shaking hands said gently that he had taken advantage of Annie's weakness in asking for her promise; he had done wrong, and although he felt bound to Annie, she was not to consider herself otherwise than free to do as she pleased. Annie, with eyes full of tears, replied that she did not wish to be freed from her promise.

Lines 452-471. She said this, and they parted, and when but a moment of her life spent in household work seemed to have passed, and just as she happened to be thinking of Philip's statement that he had loved her much longer than she suspected, she realised that a whole year had really slipped by, and there was Philip at her door expecting the fulfilment of her promise. "Is it a year since I gave you the promise?" she asked; "Yes," he replied, "if the hazel nuts are ripe again, as they certainly are. Come out and see for yourself." Annie, unwilling to fulfil her promise and still thinking that Enoch might return, made many excuses for delay; she had much to do, she said, and marriage with Philip would mean a great change in her circumstances. She knew that she had promised, and meant to keep her promise, but she thought he might wait another month. Philip, still considerate of her wishes, said that he would wait until she was ready, but his eyes showed the greatness of his longing and his shaking hand told plainly how great his disappointment was. Annie, seeing all this, almost wept in pity for him, but still she kept putting off the day, advancing every sort of poor excuse and putting his loyalty and patience to a severe test. In this way another six months slipped away.

Lines 472-488. By this time the idle chattering people of the village, who had made up their minds that Philip and Annie would marry, and who did not like to see their expectations falsified, began to grow impatient, as if they had been personally wronged.

Much talk arose; some said that Philip was only amusing himself and did not intend to marry her; others that she put him off only to make him more eager, others laughed at them both as two silly people who did not know what they really wanted; one, a person whose character was such as to make him ready to think evil, laughingly hinted that they were behaving in a wicked manner. Annie's son said nothing, although his real wishes were clearly to be seen in the expression of his face; the daughter continually pressed Annie to marry Philip who was so dear to them all, and so to lift them from the poverty which they suffered; Philip's healthy face grew thin and then careworn and pale; and all these things seemed to Annie to be but so many sharp reproaches for her indecision.

Lines 489-510. At last one night it happened that Annie could not sleep and prayed earnestly that she might in some way be shown whether Enoch was alive or not. Her prayers awakened fanciful terrors in her mind, and being no longer able to bear the complete darkness of her room, she arose from her bed, and lighted a candle. Then in her intense desire to end her doubts, she took her Bible, and opening it at random, placed her finger on the page, where the words "Under a palmtree" were printed. These words conveyed no definite message to her, but the action in some degree quieted her mind and she went to bed and slept. Then a dream came to her, and in it she saw Enoch sitting on a hill under a palmtree and above him the sun was shining. From this she understood that Enoch was in heaven and in happiness, and singing "Hosanna in the highest" in praise of the Lord. The sun she understood to be a symbol of God, the sun of righteousness, and by the palms she was reminded of the time when the people strewed palm-leaves before Jesus Christ and sang as she thought Enoch was singing. When she awoke, the memory of the dream and the interpretation she had given to it, enabled her to take the decisive step, and sending for Philip, she told him in an agitated manner that there was no reason for further delay, and that she wished him to marry her at once.

Lines 511-526. The marriage took place and the bells again rang merrily as at the wedding of Enoch and Annie. But still the thought of Enoch's possible return filled Annie's heart, and she could not be happy. Always she seemed to hear the footstep of someone walking beside her, a footstep for which she could see

no cause; a whispering noise was in her ear which she could not understand; she did not like to be left alone nor dare she go out by herself, because at such times she could not get rid of the whisperings and the sound of footsteps. Philip thought he knew what was the matter with her, when, returning to her house after going abroad, she hesitated to raise the latch of her door, and seemed afraid to enter. He thought that this was due to the fact that she was soon to have a child, and was nervous as women are, but this was not the case; she was afraid that, during her absence, Enoch might have returned, and would be found inside. When her child was born, then at last she seemed to cast off her burden and become a happy woman; all her motherly affections were aroused; Philip became every thing to her, and the mysterious feeling that Enoch would return died out of her mind.

Lines 527-537. Where was Enoch all this time? The ship, *The Good Fortune*, in which he sailed had a prosperous voyage out, although she was sadly tossed about while crossing the stormy waters of the Bay of Biscay. Thence to the south of Africa the weather was fine but in the passage round the Cape of Good Hope she experienced variable and rough weather. Once round the Cape the trade winds took her steadily across the Indian Ocean, and passing through the Malayan Straits she sailed on a smooth sea until she dropped anchor in the Chinese port for which she was bound.

Lines 538-540. Enoch was able to do some trading there on his own account, buying such curious images and carved figures as he would be able to sell at a good price when he reached home. He did not forget to buy a gilded figure of a dragon also as a present for the children.

Lines 541-553. The home-voyage was very unlucky. At first the ship sailed steadily on from day to day, and the ripple which rose at the bows beneath the figurehead of a woman looking down upon the water, never altered its form. Then came a period of calms during which the ship hardly moved at all. This was followed by a long period of variable and contrary winds, and at last there arose a heavy storm, which drove the ship out of her course, and made it impossible for the sailors to tell where they were. A cry of "Breakers ahead" was raised, but before the ship's course could be changed, she ran hard upon a reef, and of the

ship and the crew nothing was saved but Enoch and two others. These supported themselves for half the night upon such articles of the ship as did not sink, and drifting along until, in the morning, were cast up upon a beautiful but lonely island which lay right out of the usual tracks of ships.

Lines 554–562. On this island there was no lack of food; it abounded in soft fruits, large coco-nuts and roots of an edible and nourishing kind. The animals thereon were not of a harmful kind, and were so tame that it was only pity for them which prevented Enoch and his companions from killing them. There in a mountain-valley overlooking the sea, they built a hut of palm-leaves, utilising for their purpose a natural cavern in the rock and building the hut over its mouth. Thus they lived for some years in the fruitful beautiful island, the weather being the perpetual summer of the tropics, but nothing could render them otherwise than discontented with their lot.

Lines 563–571. After five years one of the survivors, a young man, who had received some internal injury on the night of the wreck, and who had never been able to walk again, and required constant attendance, passed away. After his death, Enoch and his companion found a fallen tree, and in his eagerness to make a boat out of this tree by burning it hollow in the manner practised by the American Indians, Enoch's companion exposed himself too freely to the sun and died of sunstroke. Enoch was thus left alone, and reading in the death of his companions a divine command to wait patiently till rescue came, he made no more attempts to leave the island.

Lines 572–599. The mountains clothed with forest to their summits; the level lawns in the midst of the forest and the winding glades which led up the mountain and seemed to be paths to heaven itself; the drooping crown of leaves at the top of the slender coco-nut palms; the quick flight of brilliantly-coloured insects and birds; the bright blossoms of the long creepers which coiled round the trunks and branches and climbed from tree to tree, sometimes growing out to the very edge of the water; the beautiful and bright scenes of tropical nature: all these things were before Enoch's eyes, but what he most wished to see, a kindly human face, this he never saw. What he wished most to hear, the voice of a fellowman, this he never heard. Other sounds were many: the cries of the innumerable seabirds; the perpetual

thunder of the long waves breaking on the reef outside; the murmur of the leaves of the tall trees when the wind played over them, trees so tall that they seemed to blossom in the sky; the noise of the mountain stream as it ran hastily down its channel to the sea: all these sounds were ever in his ears as he wandered by the shore or sat gazing out to sea from his hut in the mountain-valley, always waiting for the sail that never appeared. From day to day he watched, but no sail came; each day like the preceding. Each day the red rays of the rising sun broke through the stems of the forest trees making patches of brightness among the palms and ferns and rocks; every day the same bright sunrise, the same blazing light of noon, the same glow upon the water to the west at sunset. Each night the stars came out with the undimmed brightness of the sky in the tropics; each night's silence made the noise of the breakers more distinct. So the years passed in one unbroken monotony and no sail appeared to disturb it.

Lines 600–612. As he sat watching, or seeming to watch, from day to day, so absorbed and still was he that oftentimes the lizards, thinking him to be a lifeless thing, rested on his body. Before him always was the vision of home, a vision made up of many visions, as he conjured of memories of various events in his past life. Sometimes he imagined himself as playing his part in those scenes of life in his own country which he cherished in his mind. He saw himself with his children, listening to their childish talk, with Annie, in the little home, passing up the steep street, by the mill, along the leafy lanes to the lonely Hall with the quaintly trimmed yew-trees. He remembered the horse he rode, the boat he had sold, the chill cold mornings of November, and the dark damp downs, the gentle showers of rain, the scent of decaying leaves and the low murmur of the waves when the sea was dark with mist and cloud.

Lines 613–621. Once too, in the ringing of his ears, he thought he heard the faint and far away sound of the bells of the village church, pealing as for rejoicing; then, for some reason he could not himself understand, he started up with a shudder, feeling the contrast between his loneliness and the happiness the sound of the bells recalled. The hatefulness of the beautiful island came upon him with double force, and if he had not retained his trust in God, who never allows those who rest upon Him to feel utterly alone, his solitude must surely have driven him mad.

Lines 622–666. Thus the years passed and Enoch, although but a young man, began to look like an old one, for the waiting, the solitude, and the anxiety wore him down. His hope of rescue had not entirely died away, when his life of solitude came suddenly to an end. Another ship, which like *The Good Fortune* had been driven out of her course by contrary winds, and was in need of water, appeared off the island. Through the mists and clouds that shrouded the island, the mate of the ship had caught glimpses of mountain torrents, and had sent a boat's crew of men to bring fresh water. These, landing on the island, spread abroad in search of the brooks, and the noise of their shouting resounded through the forest. Enoch, hearing their voices, came down from his hut to meet them, and astonished the sailors by his strange appearance and manner. His hair and beard had grown to great length, his skin was darkened by exposure and so strangely clothed was he, that he hardly looked like a human being. He had lived so long alone that he had almost lost all power of speech, and his awkward mutterings, more like those of an idiot than of a sane man, made him mad with rage. He tried to speak in signs and these the sailors could not understand. Still they followed where he led the way, and came to the rivulets they sought. The conversation of the sailors soon revived in Enoch memory of his lost speech and he was able to make them understand something of his condition. Having filled up their casks, the sailors returned to their ship, taking Enoch with them. There they heard the full tale of his strange misfortunes, and although at first it seemed hardly credible, yet in the end they saw that it was true, and amazement and pity filled the hearts of all. They treated him kindly, gave him clothes and a free passage home, and Enoch glad of their companionship, helped them in their work. None of these sailors were from the district round Enoch's home, or could tell him anything about it in answer to his eager questionings. The voyage seemed of interminable length, and was the slower because being unseaworthy, the ship needed very careful handling. Impatiently he waited for the end of the voyage, his imagination picturing to him his return to his home, long before he could hope to reach it. At last on a cloudy moon-lit night, he came within sight of his country, and smelt the peculiar scent of the dewy morning as it was carried out to sea from over the cliff by the wind. On that same morning the officers and men of the ship in pity for Enoch, raised a subscription for him and gave it

to him, and when in their voyage up the channel, they came to the port whence Enoch had set forth, they put him ashore.

Lines 667–681. At the port of landing Enoch said nothing to any one, but started at once for his home ten miles away, wondering as he walked what sort of a home he would come to or whether he would find a home at all. When he set out, the afternoon was bright but cold, but as he went on, fogs passing up from the sea through the openings in the cliff covered all the land, so that he could see but a short distance before him, and on either side but a small breadth of bare wood or ploughed land or meadow was visible. On the almost bare trees, the robin whistled in disconsolate fashion, and the few remaining leaves, unable to bear the added weight of the damp, fell to the ground. The fog turned to rain and grew thicker as he neared his home, the darkness deepened and then suddenly he came upon a great light in the mist and found that it came from a window in the village.

Lines 682–689. The very gloominess of the evening made Enoch more sad and with a heart full of fears of what he might find when he reached his own house, and with his eyes on the ground, he walked softly and slowly down the village street, until he reached the house wherein he had lived in happiness with Annie, and where his children were born in those first seven bright years of his married life. When he reached the house he saw no light in it, nor heard any sound of voices within; a white paper notice announcing that the house was for sale alone met his eye, and he passed sadly on, thinking that Annie was either really dead or at least had passed out of his life.

Lines 690–699. Onward he went down the street to the cluster of houses about the wharf, seeking an old tavern built of framed timber work which he had known before he went away. He thought the tavern itself must long since have been pulled down, as it was so ruinous and worm-eaten when he knew it that it had to be propped up; but it was still there, although the landlord was dead, and it was now managed by his widow, Miriam Lane. The house, which was much frequented by quarrelsome noisy seamen, was now quieter and little business was done, but it still afforded a bed for a traveller, and Enoch took a lodging and stayed there for some time without speaking of his affairs to anyone.

Lines 700–716. Miriam Lane was a good woman in her way, but very talkative and found it impossible to leave her curiosity unsatisfied. Often she came to his room, and on these visits told him much of what had happened in the port in the past. She did not recognise Enoch who was very much altered in appearance by his experiences and was so brown and bent and feeble as to be quite unlike his former self. From the woman's conversation Enoch learned all that had happened, how that his baby had died, that Annie had fallen into great poverty; that Philip had taken his children and put them to school, that he had long courted Annie, who had but reluctantly and after much delay consented to marry him, that at last they had married and a child had been born to them. When he heard all this, his countenance never altered or gave any sign of his feelings, and anyone looking at him would have thought that he was less interested in the news than she who told it. But when she finished her story with the pitying remark, "Enoch, poor man, was cast away and lost," he shook his gray head in a way that was very pathetic, and repeated her words to himself, "Cast away and lost," realising in his inner mind that he was really "lost," since he had no longer any share in Annie's life.

Lines 717–730. But Enoch still longed to look again upon Annie's face, and said to himself that if he could looked upon her face and see for himself that she was happy, he would be better able to bear his loneliness and sorrow. The thought was so persistent and troubled him so much, that he was irresistibly driven to go out to the downs in the twilight of a dull day in November. There he sat long, looking at the village and the port below, and recalling a thousand memories all too sad for speech to define. Presently, as the darkness came on, the lamps in the houses were lit, and he saw a bright light issuing from a window which he knew belonged to Philip's house. This light allured him on, just as the bright beam of a lighthouse allures the passing bird and leads it to dash out its life against the lantern.

Lines 731–741. Philip's house looked towards the street, and was the last house at the end of the street towards the downs, but behind it was a small square garden surrounded by a wall and entered by a small gate which opened on the waste ground behind. In the garden was growing an evergreen tree, a yew tree, and all round the garden ran a path made of round pebbles. Another

path, leading from the back door of the house to the gate in the wall, divided the garden into two parts. Enoch entering by the gate did not use the middle path, but passed along silently by the path by the wall, and thence from the shelter of the yew-tree he was able to look into the window. It would perhaps, if it is possible to speak of better or worse in such a matter, have been better for him if he had kept away, for what he saw but gave added bitterness to his sorrow. What he saw was a scene of quiet domestic happiness in which he could have no further share.

Lines 742–757. On the polished table within the room were visible bright cups and shining silver; the fireplace was bright with a cheerful fire. On the right of the hearth was seated Philip, the rejected lover of Annie in the old days, and on his lap he held his child. His appearance was that of a healthy, happy and prosperous man. By him, and leaning over to play with the baby, was a tall fair-haired girl who appeared to Enoch to be much like what Annie was in her youth, but taller. From her left hand dangled a length of ribbon and a ring, which the baby raising up its fat and wrinkled hands was trying to clutch, and all laughed to see its ineffectual attempts to do so. Opposite to Philip on the left side of the fire was Annie, who at short intervals, with a mother's anxiety, cast a glance upon her baby, but was talking to her eldest son, who was now grown a tall and strong young man. What she was saying to him was not audible, but it was plain that she was speaking of pleasant things for he smiled in return.

Lines 758–770. When Enoch, so strangely returned after his long absence, saw his wife, who could never more be wife to him, and the child which was hers, but not his, resting upon the father's knee; when he saw the warmth and peace and happiness of the home, his own children grown up tall and handsome, and Philip in his place enjoying all his domestic bliss and holding the place which should have been his own, then, although he had been told by Miriam Lane what he must expect to see, yet, because what is actually seen moves more than what is merely heard, he staggered and shook with emotion and had to hold on to the tree to prevent himself from falling. With the greatest difficulty he restrained himself from uttering the sharp cry of anguish which was ready to burst from his lips, a cry which in a moment must have wrecked the happiness of the whole family, as surely as the angel's trumpets on the great judgment day will destroy all the plans and work of men.

Lines 771–777. Knowing the danger, he turned about to leave the garden, taking care to avoid making any noise by stepping on the shingles covering the path. So moved was he that he had to hold on to the wall for support, and was in great fear lest he should swoon and be found in such a condition by some one belonging to the house. Thus supporting himself, he crept quietly to the gate and passing through it, closed it as carefully as if he were passing out of a sick man's room, and came out upon the open uncultivated land again.

Lines 778–791. Once beyond all fear of being observed, he tried to kneel in prayer, but, his strength failing, he fell forward on his face, and in his agony, digging his fingers into the ground, he prayed to be helped in his heavy trial. "My trial is greater than I can bear"; he said, "Why did the sailors not leave me on the island? O Almighty God, the blessed Saviour of men, Thou didst give me strength to bear the loneliness of the island. Help me, O Father, still a little longer, give me strength to refrain from telling Annie of my return, to keep her in ignorance of what must destroy her happiness. Let me not be the disturber of her peace and present joy." Then he debated with himself whether he should speak to his children without making himself known to them, and decided that he could not trust himself to refrain from doing so, if he allowed himself to meet them. Nothing remained but to refuse to allow himself ever to kiss either his daughter, who was so like what her mother had been, or his son.

Lines 792–798. After this, speech and thought and his power of endurance failed him, and he lay for a time as one in a trance. Recovering somewhat, he arose and walked back to his solitary lodging, and as he passed down the long and narrow street, the resolution, "not to tell her, never to let her know" seemed to beat upon his weary brain, like the refrain of a song which continues to ring in the ear after the song is ended.

Lines 799–832. In spite of all, Enoch was not altogether unhappy. The firmness of his resolve helped him, and his faith in God. He found comfort in continual prayer, which rising from the depths of his being, tinged his whole life with a kind of sweetness, and prevented him from being altogether overwhelmed by the bitterness of his lot, and kept his soul alive. One day he said to Miriam, "Has this miller's wife you speak of no fear that her first husband is alive and will return?" "Yes, poor soul, she has,"

Miriam replied, and if you could tell her that you had seen him dead, you would bring great comfort to her soul. Enoch upon this resolved that she should be told after his death and waited with patience for that time to come. Scorning to depend for his support upon the charity of others, he set to work to earn his living; and since he knew how to do many things, could work as a cooper or a carpenter, could make fishing nets for the boatmen, and assist at the loading and unloading of such few ships as made the little port a place of call in those days when commerce was not so extensive as it now is, he easily earned sufficient for his daily needs. But yet, since he had no one to work for, and his labour was enlivened by no hope of better things, there was no such interest for him in it as would give him any desire to live. A year after the day on which he returned, weakness and sickness began to steal upon him until he found himself unable to work, and was confined, first to the house, then to his chair and at last could not leave his bed. But Enoch bore all this cheerfully, for just as despairing ship-wrecked mariners see with joy a rescuing boat appearing through the darkness of a storm when the clouds begin to lift, so he welcomed gladly the death that was drawing near, because it would mean the end of his suffering.

Lines 833–873. Not only was he glad to die as a release from his own sorrows, but he also knew that it would make possible the removal of a burden upon another's life, and be the vindication of his own loyalty and faithfulness. Annie could then learn that he was gone and that he had never wavered in his love for her. He therefore called Miriam Lane to him and telling her that he had a secret matter to divulge, told her that she must swear upon the Bible that she would reveal it to no one until after he was dead. The woman hearing him speak of approaching death began excitedly to try to drive the impression out of his mind, saying, that the idea was foolish and that he would soon be well again. Enoch, who mistrusted the talkative woman, repeated his command, and half-frightened and the sternness of his manner, the woman did as she was bidden. Then Enoch, turning his gray eyes full upon her, asked her if she had known Enoch Arden of the village. "Certainly," she answered, "I could recognise him at a distance, and I remember how he used to walk down the street in a proud and independent manner and how he was a man who would submit to none." Then slowly and sadly Enoch said to her, "The head of that proud man is brought very

low, and there are none left to care for him. I am Enoch." At this the woman uttered a half-hysterical cry which showed that she but half believed what he said. "You are Enoch Arden, you! how can that be? Enoch was a foot taller than you are." Enoch said again, "It is God who has brought me to be what I am; my grief and my solitude have made me what you see; but know for a certainty that I am the man who married her whose name has been twice changed. It is I who first married Annie Lee, who afterwards married Philip Ray. Sit down and listen and I will tell you the whole story." Then he told her of the voyage to China, of his being cast upon an island and of his lonely life there, of his return and of his seeing Annie in her home, of his resolution to keep her in ignorance and how he had kept that resolution. At this tale of woe the woman's tears flowed freely as is the way with such women, but she earnestly longed to rush about the village and spread the news of Enoch's return and of his sad history. Her promise and memory of Enoch's stern manner prevented her from carrying out her secret wishes and she contented herself with suggesting that Enoch should send for his children and see them before he died, and she started up as if to put the suggestion into immediate execution, because the proposal seemed for a moment to attract Enoch, but shortly he replied:—

Lines 874-901. "Woman, do not now disturb me and try to turn me from my purpose; let me keep my resolution until I die. Sit down again and pay attention to what I say, while I am still able to talk. When you see Annie tell her without fail that I died blessing her, praying for her and loving her, as when she first laid her head beside mine, although since she is now the wife of another man I may not love her as a husband. Tell my daughter, who is so like what her mother was, that with my last breath I blessed her and prayed for her. Tell my son that I died blessing him, and say the same to Philip who, I know, meant nothing but what was good to me and mine. If my children, who when I went away were too young to remember me now, should care to see me after I am dead, let them come; I am their father and they have the right to demand so much. Annie must not come, for the memory of my face would remain with her in after-life and trouble her. Now there is but one to welcome me to the world whither I am going; this hair is his. Annie cut it from his head when I went away, and I have preserved it and worn it in my clothes all

these many years thinking to take it with me to my grave. Now I have changed my mind; I shall see my babe in heaven and therefore when I am gone, take and give this to Annie for it may bring some comfort to her and will moreover tell her that I am indeed her Enoch.

Lines 902-906. He ceased at this and Miriam Lane, promising to fulfil his wishes, burst forth in such a flow of words that his suspicion of her trustworthiness was again aroused. Again he looked steadfastly at her, and repeating all he had told her of his last wishes, again made her promise to carry them out.

Lines 907-917. On the third night after, while the pale sick man was slumbering quietly and Miriam who was watching by his bedside, now awake and now taking a short snatch of sleep, there came so loud a noise of the sea that all the houses in the port rang with the sound. Enoch awoke, sat up in bed, and spreading out his arms, cried out in a loud voice, "A sail! A sail! I am saved"; and then fell back in his bed and spoke no more.

So passed away the soul of this heroic man and the little port had seldom seen a costlier funeral than that which his loved ones gave him as a mark of their affection and reverence.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.*

A Chieftain to the Highlands bound
  Cries "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
  To row us o'er the ferry!"

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
  This dark and stormy water?"
"O I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
  And this, Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
  Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
  My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride—
  Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
  When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
  "I'll go, my chief, I'm ready:
It is not for your silver bright,
  But for your winsome lady:—

"And by my word! the bonny bird
  In danger shall not tarry;
So though the waves are raging white
  I'll row you o'er the ferry."

*The Heads of recognized schools are required to certify that every candidate sent up for the Bombay Matriculation Examination has read at least 1,000 verses mentioned in the list of works in verse drawn up by the Board of Studies in English and approved by the Academic Council and the Syndicate. To meet this requirement, this poem and the following have been added.

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armėd men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh! too strong for human hand
The tempest gather'd o'er her.

And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,—
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismay'd, through storm and shade
His child he did discover:—
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief
Across this stormy water:
"And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!—O my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lash'd the shore,
Return or aid preventing:
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

T. Campbell

SIMON LEE THE OLD HUNTSMAN.

In the sweet shire of Cardigan,
  Not far from pleasant Ivor Hall,
An old man dwell's a little man,—
  'Tis said he once was tall.
Full five-and-thirty years he lived
  A running huntsman merry;
And still the centre of his cheek
  Is red as a ripe cherry.

No man like him the horn could sound,
  And hill and valley rang with glee
When Echo bandied round and round
  The halloo of Simon Lee.
In those proud days he little cared
  For husbandry or tillage;
To blither tasks did Simon rouse
  The sleepers of the village.

He all the country could outrun,
  Could leave both man and horse behind;
And often, ere the chase was done,
  He reeled and was stone-blind.
And still there's something in the world
  At which his heart rejoices;
For when the chiming hounds are out,
  He dearly loves their voices!

But, O the heavy change!—bereft
  Of health, strength, friends, and kindred, see!
Old Simon to the world is left
  In liveried poverty:
His master's dead, and no one now
  Dwells in the Hall of Ivor;
Men, dogs, and horses, all are dead;
  He is the sole survivor.

And he is lean and he is sick;
His body, dwindled and awry,
Rests upon ankles swoln and thick;
His legs are thin and dry.
One prop he has, and only one,
His wife, an aged woman,
Lives with him, near the waterfall,
Upon the village common.

Beside their moss-grown hut of clay,
Not twenty paces from the door,
A scrap of land they have, but they
Are poorest of the poor.
This scrap of land he from the heath
Enclosed when he was stronger;
But what to them avails the land
Which he can till no longer?

Oft, working by her husband's side,
Ruth does what Simon cannot do;
For she, with scanty cause for pride,
Is stouter of the two.
And, though you with your utmost skill
From labour could not wean them,
'Tis little, very little, all
That they can do between them.

Few months of life has he in store
As he to you will tell,
For still, the more he works, the more
Do his weak ankles swell.
My gentle reader, I perceive
How patiently you've waited,
And now I fear that you expect
Some tale will be related.

O reader! had you in your mind
  Such stores as silent thought can bring,
O gentle reader! you would find
  A tale in every thing.
What more I have to say is short,
  And you must kindly take it:
It is no tale; but, should you think,
  Perhaps a tale you'll make it.

One summer-day I chanced to see
  This old man doing all he could
To unearth the root of an old tree,
  A stump of rotten wood.
The mattock totter'd in his hand;
  So vain was his endeavour
That at the root of the old tree
  He might have work'd for ever.

"You're overtask'd, good Simon Lee,
  Give me your tool," to him I said;
And at the word right gladly he
  Received my proffer'd aid.
I struck, and with a single blow
  The tangled root I sever'd,
At which the poor old man so long
  And vainly had endeavour'd.

The tears into his eyes were brought,
  And thanks and praises seem'd to run
So fast out of his heart, I thought
  They never would have done.
—I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
  With coldness still returning;
Alas! the gratitude of men
  Hath oftener left me mourning.

W. Wordsworth

FOR USE IN INDIAN SCHOOLS

Stories for Indian Students. (1. The Story of the Magic Horse. 2. Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves. 3. Sindbad the Sailor. 4. Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp.) By P. C. Wren, M. A., I. E. S. Eighth Edition.

Reynard the Fox. With Illustrations. By P. C. Wren, M. A., I. E. S. Third Edition.

"The famous old story of Reynard the Fox, retold in simple language. Well printed and illustrated. Would make an excellent Supplementary Reader for the upper middle classes of anglo-vernacular schools."—*The Punjab Educational Journal* (July, 1928).

Letters to Boys. By the Editor of The Children's Encyclopædia (Arthur Mee). Adapted for use in Indian Schools. Second Edition.

These sincere and earnest letters are of high value and interest to boys of all nationalities, castes and creeds, dealing, as they do, with the fundamentals of honesty, self-respect, thrift, ambition, unselfishness and heroism. They form very desirable and suitable matter for 'supplementary' reading.

Work, Wealth and Wages. By Row and Wren. Second Edition.

"The book reads like a story" . . . . . and would make "a very instructive supplementary Reader in Class X or XI of our High Schools" observes the *Education of Pakistan* in its issue for December, 1951.

Six Short Plays. For use in Schools and Colleges. By W. Turner, M. A.

Contains six Plays full of fun, excitement and dramatic appeal with Indian background.—Includes useful hints for organizing and staging these Plays.—Highly suited for being enacted by students of Higher classes.

COOPER